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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

POLITICS AT ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES

APROPOS of a section of the report of the Royal Commission of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in which the connection between those two ancient seats of learning and the Government is historically treated from the Middle Ages to the present time, Sir Geoffrey Butler, of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, discusses in the *Sunday Times* politics among the students of to-day. Before the war, the Cambridge Union, where political activity focused, had a succession of strong Liberal presidents, and the debates usually turned about such points as the South African Constitution, the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church, and Liberal Education Bills.

Looking back, the mental picture that one forms is something quaintly but sharply removed from actualities at the present day, a strangeness so marked that it does not charm nor suggest the pathetic — a feeling comparable to that engendered in us by the contemplation of a faded daguerreotype of our whiskered forbears. Labor was less numerically strong, but quite definitely active, though I suspect one unconsciously exaggerates its influence, moved by the dominating force of current events.

'Comrade' Keeling, Keir Hardie, and H. G. Wells, of the old and the modern Radical school, were in touch with these activities, though not officially a part of them. The Conservatives had a quieter organization, the Carlton Club, apparently a rather unaggressive organization 'that once a year organized a big dinner at which the chief guest was a member of the Cabinet.' During the war these interests were completely overshadowed by others far more powerful. Now, however, they are reappearing.

Once again political activity has been aroused; once again it percolates through an unwilling and resisting soil by three marked channels. The only difference is that the channels differ in proportionate width and easiness of flow from that which they mutually occupied before the war. The chief noticeable difference, in the writer's opinion, is a marked increase in Conservative activity, a decrease in that of Liberalism, and the rather disappointingly stationary position of Labor, though it is easy to believe that within itself this movement at Cambridge contains the possibilities of dramatic growth.

For a period after the war, Liberalism — possibly of the Keynes type — carried the student body with it. 'Tested by the Union votes, measure after measure, motion after motion, dealing with the Versailles settlement and similar subjects, were carried in that Society in an irresponsible and sometimes nonpatriotic fashion.' Recently Conservatives have become active.

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They have abandoned their older exclusive policy, and are endeavoring to organize a popular association among the students, with even lower dues than the Labor Party.

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A NEW WRANGEL ADVENTURE?

THEODOR BERKES, the veteran representative of *Berliner Tageblatt* in the Balkans, writing from Belgrade the middle of April, quotes reports published in the press of that city to the effect that General Wrangel, who had recently been given a long audience by King Alexander, had assembled in Yugoslavia a Russian refugee army of fifty thousand men, excellently disciplined and equipped. General Schiatilov, Wrangel's Chief of Staff, told local reporters that the Russian volunteer troops were now ready for action, and impatiently awaited orders to invade Russia.

Simultaneous reports from Sofia state that General Kutpov is drilling a Russian volunteer army of some forty thousand men in Bulgaria, and that this army forms a veritable *imperium in imperio* in that country. The soldiers are requisitioning food, seizing grist mills by force, and plundering the peasants of their cattle and grain. At Lovitch and other points, Wrangel's courts-martial have condemned several Russians to death and carried out the sentence regardless of the Bulgarian authorities, when the only offense of the men executed was that they refused to enlist in the volunteer army. Presumably the reports regarding these troops are exaggerated, or at least the references to apparently distinct 'armies' really relate to the same organization. The meat in the coconut for Germany is the understanding alleged to exist between Wrangel's army and certain Monarchist organizations in Germany itself.

ANTICHRISTIAN MOVEMENT IN CHINA

THE *Weekly Review of the Far East* reports that the antichristian movement in China is growing apace, and is likely to develop into a general agitation against the Europeans and Americans. The movement is serious enough to have caused a group of professors at Peking National University, who are not Christians, to issue a public protest against it, insisting upon freedom of belief. Part of this announcement reads: 'We are not members of any church, nor do we support any particular religion or show our sympathy toward movements against any religion. We are, however, strongly of the opinion that men should have perfect religious freedom without interference from anyone.'

Such an agitation is rather a new thing in China, and in the present case is led by men who have been more or less accessible to Western thought. The head of the movement is said to be Dr. Tsai Yuan-pei, Chancellor of the Peking National University, and his most prominent coadjutors are Dr. Sun Yat-sen's secretary, Wang Chao-ming, and Chen Fu-siu, a Socialist whose writings have been banned from the international settlement at Shanghai, and who is regarded as a Bolshevik. Dr. Tsai's action is ascribed to his infatuation with Western science. Dr. Sun Yat-sen is himself a Christian.

A meeting was held last April to organize an 'All China Anti-Religion Federation to Oppose Christianity.' Some of the rougher elements affiliated with the movement are said to have broken up Y.M.C.A. meetings, and the new organization opposed granting the use of quarters in a government institution for the Eleventh Congress of the World's Student Christian Federation. The journal from which we have quoted believes the best weapon to com-

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bat this agitation is 'to ignore it entirely.'

A Chinese Christian attributes the present antichristian propaganda to the following causes: 'An idea that science and Christianity are opposed to each other; a suspicion that Christian missionaries are secret spies of foreign Governments, whose purpose is to dupe the Chinese people in order to extend alien influence; the aggression of Christian Governments in China and their failure to defend China from Japanese aggression; a false conception of Christian ethics, especially an idea that the doctrine of Christian love and brotherhood is "not so far-reaching as was originally understood"; a notion that foreign missionaries give the students entrusted to their care a one-sided education, and keep from them a true understanding of modern scientific knowledge.'

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SPANISH NOTES

DURING the period of social unrest attending and following the war, the constitutional guaranties which conferred upon Spaniards free right of public speaking and writing, holding meetings, and otherwise expressing their opinion, were suspended. These have recently been restored, though at the expense of a reconstruction of the Cabinet. Rather oddly, the Ministers who resigned in protest against this liberal measure belong to the Liberal Party, and the new Cabinet now consists entirely of Conservatives. Another result of recent political change is the revision of the Government's tariff policy. Spain was threatened with commercial isolation as a result of the ultraprotectionist policy of the former Cabinet. Reductions exceeding 20 per cent in duties have been authorized by the Cortes upon certain imports from countries that grant reciprocal concessions. The manufacturers of Catalonia are protesting vigorously against this measure. But vintagers, mine-owners, and representatives of other interests are ardent defenders of the new policy.

The new Cabinet proposes to withdraw a large part of the Spanish forces now operating in Morocco, after consolidating the position already held. The intense enthusiasm for the Morocco campaign that prevailed in Spain six months ago has been decidedly chilled by recent reverses, and by the heavy cost in money and human life that must be paid for what is beginning to be regarded as a worthless conquest.

The tragic death of Manuel Granero, one of the most famous bullfighters of Spain, who was killed in the ring at Madrid on May 7, has revived the agitation for the abolition of this sport. *Heraldo de Madrid* quotes with approval from a pamphlet circulated by the French Society for the Protection of Horses, condemning bullfights, which are still popular in the southern part of France. The same journal quotes from Blasco Ibañez: —

> What impresses me especially is the audience. The audience at a bull ring gives free rein to its basest, most cruel, and ferocious instincts; does so with a mob passion more uncurbed than in mutiny or war, because this blood-lust can be gratified without personal risk. Men of alleged culture and high social rank sink to the level of the worst ruffians of the gutter and, protected by a solid barrier from all danger, roar like madmen in their thirst for blood and butchery. . . . The cowardice of such men, exciting others to kill and to be killed, is in my opinion one of the most odious exhibitions in the world.

Bullfights are condemned, by this journal, as 'a school of Bolshevism,' and it adds: 'The crimes of nations are always paid for in this world, and history proves that the gods first make mad those whom they would destroy.'

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FREE SPEECH AND REACTION IN NEW ZEALAND

UNDER the title, 'Machine-made Patriotism,' the *Manchester Guardian* prints a letter from its Wellington correspondent, describing prosecutions instituted by the New Zealand Government against persons associated with the labor movement, for the expression of views freely discussed in other countries 'where the danger (of revolution), if there was any at all, would be far greater on account of existing economic evils or bitter political differences.' A year ago the publisher of the *Maoriland Worker*, a labor journal, was charged with sedition for printing an article entitled 'The Irish Tragedy: Scotland's Disgrace.' The Lower Court dismissed the case because the article did not constitute sedition against New Zealand, though the judge did not doubt its seditious intention in respect to Great Britain. The Higher Court reversed this judgment, and the publisher was heavily fined. The same unfortunate individual was tried early this year on a charge of blasphemous libel, for printing a verse from Siegfried Sassoon's 'Stand To: Good Friday Morning.' The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, with a rider stating that such publications should be discouraged.

We have previously referred to the disciplining of radical schoolteachers in New Zealand. Some time ago the Chief Justice, who was also Chairman of the University Senate, reprimanded a minor member of the faculty for expressing unorthodox economic opinions in a pamphlet. A lady teacher, fined ten pounds by a Wellington judge for selling radical literature alleged to be seditious, had her fine paid by a collection taken up among the students of Victoria College, of Wellington, where she was taking courses. Thereupon the Minister of Education started an inquiry into the teaching at the College, in order to discover how far the students' action was due to sympathy with the teacher's views. Ultimately this lady's certificate was cancelled by the authorities, and she was thus excluded from her profession. Other instances of a similar kind are reported. Commenting upon this, the correspondent says that a simple observer is apt to wonder

> how a hundred thousand men went from New Zealand to the war and nearly twenty thousand never came back — how men could lay down their lives who never had the benefits of a training in the new patriotic system. But then, politicians will never realize that some things grow best of their own sweet will in natural soil under natural conditions.

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FRANCE AND THE COLORED RACES

WE print the following editorial note from the *Servant of India*, a pro-Gandhi paper, although it repeats facts and opinions but recently described in our columns, because it expresses an attitude of conscious color-brotherhood widely held in Asia: —

> Unfortunately the fact that France is 'color-blind' does not mean that France is superior in her relationship to the colored races: it only means that these relationships are bad in a different manner from those of Anglo-Saxon countries. A Negro deputy in the French Chamber, M. René Boisneuf of Guadeloupe, averred that the French African possessions had been decimated since the French régime, and that the exploitation of the defenseless natives by French concession companies was such that the mortality rates had increased tenfold and that whole populations had fled to neighboring colonies to escape forced labor under these concessionaires. Of the French Congo, and of French Colonial policy in general, M. Boisneuf can say that everywhere he sees 'budgets collapsing under the cost of government personnel, and nothing being done to further social or economic progress of the natives.'

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The melancholy truth is that France cares for nothing but for France — Black Frenchmen in France she will no doubt treat as she does White Frenchmen; but of any understanding for alien cultures, of any desire to help the defenseless abroad, to uplift the underdeveloped in her charge, there is no trace. The Colonies, the millions of dumb Negroes, Anamites, and the rest, only exist for the benefit of France; these hopelessly exploited drudges are apparently never deemed to be an end in themselves, but only a means for the enrichment and dominance of France. If Black men will help in that, they are welcomed and offered freely the gayeties of *la ville lumière*. We don't envy them — not even with all our color bars of Anglo-Saxondom.

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FOREIGN COTTON-FIELDS

If the settlement between Great Britain and Egypt were to give the latter country effective control of the Sudan, we might expect the 'Pashas,' or the Egyptian squirarchy which is likely to control the new government, to oppose extending irrigation in the arid regions tributary to the Upper Nile, lest this interfere with the water supply of their own estates along the lower reaches of the river and in the Delta. However, that possibility seems to have been cared for, though at the expense of lively Egyptian protest; for Lloyd George has declared in Parliament, and Lord Allenby has stated more explicitly in an address at Khartum, that Great Britain regards the Sudan as a country distinct from Egypt, with a nationality of its own, which should be allowed to progress along its own lines of development. At the same time funds are being sought in London for completing the extensive irrigation projects along the Upper Nile now in course of construction. This all falls in with British plans to erect a new cotton-empire in the Sudan.

Meanwhile France is endeavoring to make her African colonies a source of cotton supply. Some five hundred acres were planted experimentally in the French Congo last year, and each village in a district selected for this purpose was required to sow a field. An experiment farm for training natives to raise cotton by modern methods has been established. A few bales of cotton grown in French Sudan have reached manufacturers the present year.

In Brazil, also, increased interest is shown in cotton-growing. This is partly on the strength of rumors that the boll weevil promises to lessen permanently our own cotton crop. Brazil has a larger area capable of growing cotton of high quality than we have, but it produces at present only six hundred to seven hundred thousand bales per annum, as compared with maximum crops of twelve to sixteen million bales in the United States. Nearly all the Brazilian crop is retained for home consumption, only one hundred thousand bales being available for export.

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WAGES AND PRICES IN GERMANY

Doctor Kuczynski, a leading authority upon prices and food statistics in Germany, shows in a recent report that the minimum cost of supporting a family of four persons in Berlin rose from 28.80 marks, in 1914, to 281 marks in April 1921, and 915 marks in April 1922. In other words, the cost of living increased tenfold during the seven years ending with 1921, and has increased more than threefold in addition during the past twelve months. In Vienna, according to the municipal statistics office, the cost of living for a family of four persons rose from 72,764 crowns in March to 80,428 crowns the following month. Incredible as these figures seem, they are confirmed by abundant statistics from other sources.

A correspondent of *The Nation and*

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the Athenæum, who has just returned from Germany, reports as a result of his inquiries in that country that wages range from 800 marks a month for unskilled laborers to 1800 marks for skilled artisans, and comments that at the present rate of exchange these figures represent barely three shillings to seven shillings a week in English money. Even allowing for the fact that the purchasing power of the mark inside of Germany is three or four times as great as abroad, these are equivalent to from twelve shillings to twenty-eight shillings in Great Britain. In view of the fact that the wages here reported were probably accommodated to a period when the cost of living in Germany was much less than 500 marks a week, — as it was up to the first of January last, — these figures call our attention vividly to two conditions: normal wages in Germany must be readjusted constantly and radically to keep them above the starvation level; and competition in neutral and foreign markets between the products of German labor and those of other countries is conditioned by cost factors that violate all the rules of ordinary business experience.

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MINOR NOTES

JAPANESE exports of cotton cloth declined in January from over forty-five million yards to less than thirty-nine million yards; at the same time, however, the volume of cotton yarn exported is increasing, on account of heavier taking from China and particularly from India. Possibly the agitation against British manufactures and the consequent increase of home weaving account in part for the larger purchases of that country.

ADVERTISEMENTS have begun to appear again in the Russian newspapers. *Isvestiya*, the Bolshevist official organ, contains among other items of this character the following: —

HOTEL SPARTACUS, Petrograd, 18 Gogol Street: 100 rooms, with modern comforts, electricity, baths, garage, first-class restaurant, daily concerts under the direction of Manassevitch, professor at the Conservatory.

Another advertisement reads: —

REWARD: Five million rubles for the recovery of my kitten, lost on February 2. Color brownish gray. Answers to the name Mitrochke. No. 3 Resnitzka Street, Apartment 11.

Every day there is an average of twenty advertisements of passports and other identification documents lost or stolen. 'Losing' such important documents seems to have become quite a habit. One wonders what it means. Then there is a large advertisement of a wonderful toilet soap called the 'Royal.' For a Communist régime this is rather a daring departure. Another manufacturer of a 'splendid face cream' has the impudence to put the royal arms of Great Britain at the top of it. Evidently he thinks he can ensure a quick sale through such 'patronage.' He also mentions the fact, most interesting to Communist ladies, that in the olden days he was awarded the Emperor's medal at an exhibition.

There are many thieves in Moscow. Here is the Moscow Water Board plaintively letting the public know that eight typewriters have been stolen in one night from its offices. It lays stress on the 'in one night.' Evidently when it is only one typewriter at a time people are accustomed to such a thing happening. The syndicate of the Soviet press lets the public know in a full-page advertisement that the bloodthirsty capitalist trust ruling the printing offices has decided to raise its tariff. Such a thing is intolerable in a Communist State.

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STAVROGIN'S CONFESSION. I

BY FEODOR DOSTOEVSKII

[*These recently discovered unpublished portions of Dostoevskii's novel,* The Demons, *published in English under the title,* The Possessed, *have just appeared in a German translation by Wolf von Mickwitz, in the* Frankfurter Zeitung. *They are introduced by a note which says that 'the author did not permit their publication during his lifetime because of the objection of the chief procurator of the Russian Holy Synod. The manuscript was found with others in a chest recently opened. Some introductory passages are republished here in a new translation for the purpose of giving continuity to the narrative. In Stavrogin, Dostoevskii pictures that type of Russian nobleman who, after a short military career, passes the remainder of his life in demoralizing idleness. Rumor has it that the poet used this character for an unsparing portrait of himself, in delineating which he employed the marvelous skill in psychological miniature portraiture with which he bares the most hidden recesses of the human soul.' Presumably the* Frankfurter Zeitung *account of this manuscript is correct. Readers will be interested in recalling, however, that in a letter dated August* 17 (29), 1870, *to his niece, Sofia Alexandrovna, Dostoevskii wrote from Dresden, while engaged upon this novel: 'I struck out all that I had written up to that time (about fifteen sheets in all) and began again at the front page'; and in a later letter from the same city, dated October* 9 (25), 1870, *to Nikolaievich Strachov, he says: 'The original hero (a most interesting figure but not worthy to be called a hero) fell into the background.' He elsewhere speaks of recasting the whole story. This suggests the possibility that the fragment here printed is part of an earlier draft.*]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, April* 16, 20
(RADICAL-LIBERAL PRO-RATHENAU DAILY)

THAT night Nikolai Vsevolodovich (Stavrogin) did not sleep. He sat up the whole night upon a divan. He would stare fixedly for long intervals at a point in the corner near the commode. All night long his lamp was lighted. About seven in the morning he fell asleep, sitting up; and when promptly at half-past nine Alexei Yegorovich entered with the morning coffee, as was his invariable custom, and awoke his master, the latter opened his eyes, unpleasantly surprised to find that he had slept so long and that it was already late. He drank the coffee quickly, dressed hurriedly, and hastened out. He did not answer Alexei Yegorovich's timid inquiry whether he had any instructions to give. On the street he fixed his gaze upon the ground and walked rapidly in deep abstraction. When he raised his head for a moment, he seemed to be wrestling with vague but violently disturbing thoughts.

Not far from the house he came upon a procession of peasants, numbering some fifty men, at a street crossing. They marched along quietly, in almost utter silence, in their prescribed formation. At a little shop where he waited a moment for them to pass, someone said they were the 'Lehpigulinskischen' laborers. He barely glanced at them.

Finally, about half-past ten, he reached the gate of the Cloister of the Yefimsche Virgin, near the river at the border of the town. Here at last the memory of an agitating and dreadful experience seemed to dawn clearly upon him. He stopped short, felt hastily in his side pocket, and smiled. In the courtyard he asked the first cloister servant he met to direct him to Bishop Tichon, who was residing there in re-

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treat. The cloister servant bowed, and immediately guided him toward his destination. Near a little doorway at the end of the long, two-story building a corpulent gray-haired monk met them, who hastily and with protesting courtesy relieved him of his guide.

The monk led him through a long, narrow passage, bowing repeatedly, although he was so fat that he could not make a real obeisance and could only bob his head back and forth on his shoulders. He also kept asking Stavrogin to follow him, although the latter needed no such urging. The monk asked a few unimportant questions, and told him about the Abbot. Receiving no reply, his demeanor became more and more respectful. Stavrogin observed that people knew him here, although as far as he could recall this was his first visit since childhood.

When they reached the door at the end of the passage, the monk started to open it with a respectful gesture. He paused a moment to ask a passing servant if they might enter; but without waiting for a reply, he threw the door wide open, and with as profound an obeisance as he was capable of, bade the 'noble visitor' enter. After receiving his tip, he vanished like a flash.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich entered a small room, and stood confronting, in the doorway of a little chamber opposite, a tall, lean man about fifty-five years old. The latter wore a simple dressing-gown and looked ill. A vague smile and a peculiar expression of shyness hovered over his countenance. This was the Bishop Tichon, of whom Stavrogin had first learned from Schatov, and whom he had occasionally heard other people mention.

Reports concerning him were contradictory and confusing, but upon one point all were agreed: both Tichon's disciples and his enemies avoided discussing him. His enemies would not speak of him because they despised him; and his disciples, even the most convinced, seemed loath to speak of him from a certain diffidence, as if they wished to conceal something, either a weakness or a defect. Nikolai Vsevolodovich had ascertained that the Bishop had been living at the cloister for six years, and that both humble people and persons of high rank frequently visited him. In fact, Tichon had ardent disciples even in Saint Petersburg, especially among women. On the other hand, a worthy, pious, venerable man of his acquaintance told him: 'This Tichon is half crazy, and unquestionably drinks heavily.' Let it be observed here that the latter rumor was utterly false. The Bishop's infirmity consisted of a long-standing rheumatic affection of the legs, and an occasional nervous trembling.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich further observed that the Bishop had not managed to inspire much respect and reverence among the inmates of the cloister during his residence there. This seemed due to certain weaknesses of character or to his 'inexcusable absent-mindedness, not befitting a person of his high rank.'

Current gossip said that the Abbot, who was rather strict and rough in the exercise of his official duties, although a man distinguished for his learning, was unfriendly to the Bishop and accused him privately, though never in public, of being too easy-going in his conduct and opinions, and almost a heretic. Moreover, the cloister brothers treated the invalid dignitary very familiarly, if not with open disrespect. Likewise, the two rooms that formed Bishop Tichon's cell were oddly furnished. In addition to the old oak furniture with its shabby leather upholstery, there were a few articles of great value: a beautifully constructed writing-table, a wonderfully carved bookcase, and smaller

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tables and cases that were obviously gifts. Ordinary bast mats lay side by side with costly Bokhara rugs. On the walls were several drawings and etchings, representing both secular and sacred subjects. In one corner stood a large shrine, containing holy pictures that shimmered with gold and silver, and a very ancient reliquary. The Bishop's library was said to be too diversified, and to contain many unsuitable works. For instance, 'playwritings, romances, and perhaps still worse' were found side by side with writings of the saints and Holy Fathers.

After their first greetings, which for some obscure reason were notably stiff on both sides, Tichon hurriedly conducted his guest to his study, and made him sit down upon the divan beside the table. He seated himself in a rattan chair. Nikolai Vsevolodovich most remarkably lost his composure. It seemed as though he were summoning all his strength to do something unusual and almost impossible, but imperative and unavoidable. He gazed around the room for a moment, though obviously he did not see a single thing he looked at, and then fell into a reverie, as if forgetting where he was.

The deep silence roused him, and he suddenly observed that Tichon had cast down his eyes, with what seemed a quite irrelevant smile. For an instant this irritated and repelled him, and he was conscious of an impulse to get up and leave. He fancied for a moment that Tichon was simply drunk. Suddenly, however, the Bishop raised his eyes and looked at him steadily with a glance so firm and thoughtful, and an expression so unexpected and puzzling, that Nikolai Vsevolodovich involuntarily started back. Thereupon his opinion suddenly veered about: he imagined that Tichon already knew why he had come; that he had been informed beforehand (although no one in the world could know); and that he had not spoken first in order to spare him and to avoid humiliating him. So he suddenly blurted out: —

'Do you know me? Have I introduced myself or not? Excuse me, I am in such a state of mind — '

'You have not introduced yourself, but some four years ago I had the pleasure of seeing you here in the cloister — by mere chance.' Tichon spoke slowly and calmly with a soft voice; his pronunciation was indistinct.

'I did not visit your cloister four years ago,' Nikolai Vsevolodovich contradicted, with unnecessary rudeness. 'I was never here except when a little child, before you were here.'

'Perhaps you have forgotten,' remarked Tichon courteously.

'No, I have not forgotten; it would be ridiculous if I could not remember things like that,' Stavrogin insisted bluntly. 'You are mistaken if you imagine you ever saw me before.'

Tichon was silent. Nikolai Vsevolodovich now noted an involuntary twitching upon the Bishop's countenance, a symptom of his nervous ailment, and remarked: 'I observe that you are not well to-day; I think I had better leave.' Saying this, he stood up.

'Yes, I have been in great pain since yesterday, and have not slept much.'

He suddenly stopped. His guest was again wrapped in a deep reverie, which he did not attempt to explain. The silence lasted a couple of minutes; then Stavrogin asked excitedly and with suspicion: 'Have you been watching me?'

'I have observed you. You remind me of your mother. Although there is no outward likeness, you are very much like her in temperament and disposition.'

Nikolai Vsevolodovich was again conscious of an intense and unreasoning feeling of irritation, for which he could not account. 'There is no similarity —

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above all, none in mind and temperament — not the slightest. You say that — out of pity for my situation. So? Does my mother visit you?'

'Yes, she comes.'

'I did n't know that. I never heard her speak of you. Often?'

'Nearly every month; occasionally more frequently.'

'I was utterly ignorant of it.' This information for some reason excited him. He added impulsively: 'Naturally she has told you I am mad.'

'No, not exactly that; but I have heard others say so.'

'You must surely have a splendid memory to keep such trifles in mind. And have they told you about the box on the ear?'

'Yes, something.'

'You mean, all about it? You must have lots of time to listen to such things. And the duel, too?'

'Yes, about the duel, too.'

'You surely don't need newspapers here. Has Schatov been coaching you for my visit?'

'No. I am acquainted with Mr. Schatov, but I have not seen him for a long time.'

'H-m! What map is that? Bah! A map of the war. What do you use that for?'

'I follow this history on the map. A most interesting account.'

'Yes, the description is not a bad one. However, it 's rather odd reading for you.'

He drew the book toward him and glanced at it hastily. It was a brilliant and comprehensive description of the war, not technical, but of considerable literary merit. He turned the book over once or twice and then impatiently threw it down.

'I don't really know why I have come here.' He spoke with a sort of resentment, and looked Tichon straight in the eyes as if he expected him to answer.

'You, also, seem to be unwell.'

'Yes, possibly.'

Thereupon he suddenly related, in short disconnected words, so that much was hardly intelligible, that he was suffering from hallucinations, especially at night: he could see or feel close to him an evil being, a shrewd and mocking entity. 'It takes different forms, has many faces, but is always the same; and I become furious with it.'

His statements were wild and confused, and seemed really those of a madman; but they were made with remarkable frankness, with a candor and sincerity so unlike himself that he seemed suddenly to have changed his personality. He did not attempt to conceal the terror with which he spoke of his experiences. But this mood lasted only a moment, and disappeared as suddenly as it came. Abruptly recalling himself, he said hastily and angrily: 'It is naturally all nonsense. I must consult a physician.'

Tichon agreed: 'Yes, you must consult one.'

'You speak with confidence. Have you ever met anyone like myself? Anyone who had such hallucinations?'

'Yes; but very seldom. I remember only one such instance in my life — an army officer, after the death of his wife, an irreplaceable companion. I know of another, but only by hearsay. Both of them went abroad to recover. Have you suffered from this long?'

'About a year; but it 's absurd. I 'll go to a physician. It is pure imbecility, frightful imbecility. I myself am the thing in all its forms, just I, and nothing else. When I put it this way, you may think that I still have some doubts, and am not convinced that it is myself, and not the Devil.'

Tichon looked at him inquiringly.

'And — you actually see him?' he asked, and thereby seemed to deny the unreality and the morbid character of the vision. 'Do you really see a form?'

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'It is remarkable how you keep insisting on that, when I have already told you that I see it.' Stavrogin became more excited with each word. 'Naturally I see it; I see it just as I see things here — but sometimes I see it and don't believe that I see it, although I really see it — and sometimes I do not know which is real, I or it. It 's all madness. Can't you understand, then, that it really is the Devil?' he added abruptly, suddenly turning sarcastic. 'That would go better with your profession.'

'Illness is the more likely explanation, although —'

'Although what?'

'Beyond question there is a Devil, but our conceptions of him can be very different.'

'Ah, that 's why you keep looking at the floor,' interrupted Stavrogin, with irritating mockery; 'because you are ashamed for me. You think I honestly believe in the Devil, but that under the pretext of not believing in him I try to draw you out by cunning questions. Is there really a Devil or not?'

Tichon smiled vaguely.

'Understand, then, that I am not ashamed; and to pay you for your discourtesy, I say to you openly and in all seriousness that I believe in the Devil — that I believe in a personal Biblical Devil, not in an allegory. I do not need to have anyone prove it. There you have the whole story!' He laughed nervously and unnaturally.

Tichon looked at him with interest, and his glance combined timidness and tenderness.

'Do you believe in God?' continued Stavrogin.

'Yes, I believe in God!'

'It is written: "Have faith, and that faith will remove mountains." Pardon my crazy notion, but I am curious to know: can you remove mountains or can't you?'

'If God commands it, I can do so,' said Tichon, in a slow and hesitating voice; and again his eyes sought the ground.

'But that would be the same as if God Himself did it. Now you, yourself, can you remove mountains by virtue of your faith in God?'

'Perhaps I could not quite do that.'

'Perhaps? Now that 's not bad. However, you still doubt, then?'

'Because my faith is not perfect, I doubt.'

'So even your faith is not perfect?'

'Yes — perhaps my faith is not perfect,' replied Tichon.

'No; I would never have believed it to look at you!' Stavrogin suddenly began to stare at the Bishop with a genuine amazement that contrasted strangely with the sarcastic manner of his previous questions.

'Well, then, at least you believe in removing mountains, albeit only with God's help; and that is, to be sure, a good deal. At least you have the will to believe, and you think of mountains as literally mountains. That 's a good principle to follow. I have observed that our higher clergy are strongly inclined to Lutherism — Of course you are a Christian?'

Stavrogin spoke quickly; his words fairly ran together. His mood was half serious, half morbid.

'Of thy cross, O Lord, will I be not ashamed!' Tichon bowed his head still lower, as he repeated these words in a passionate whisper.

'Can a man believe in the Devil, if he does not believe in God?' asked Stavrogin sarcastically.

'Oh, that is quite possible'; and Tichon looked up and smiled.

'I am sure you would consider such faith better than no faith whatever.' Stavrogin laughed.

'Quite the contrary. Outright atheism is better than worldly indifference,'

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replied Tichon, with obvious sincerity and relief.

'Oho! So there 's where you stand!'

'An atheist stands on the last step before reaching perfect faith, whether he ever attains the latter or not. Indifference, however, cannot conceive of faith, but merely of a miserable terror of the Unknown — and that only rarely, when the person is specially sensitive.'

'H-m! Have you read the Book of Revelation?'

'Yes.'

'Do you remember: "And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write —"'

'Yes, I know.'

'Where is the book?' Stavrogin suddenly became excited and impatient again, and cast an inquiring look at the table. 'I 'd like to read you — Have you a translation?'

'I know the passage,' said Tichon.

'Do you know it by heart? Let 's hear it.'

Stavrogin quickly drooped his eyes to the floor, bent forward with his hands on his knees, and waited impatiently. Tichon knew the passage by heart, word for word: —

'And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write; These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God; I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked —'

'Enough!' interrupted Stavrogin. 'Do you know, I love you very much.'

'And I you,' replied Tichon, half aloud.

Stavrogin was silent, and suddenly fell into a deep reverie again. It was the third time that this had occurred. In fact his remark, 'I love you,' to Tichon, if not an involuntary ejaculation was, to say the least, something he himself had not expected. More than a minute passed thus.

'Do not be angry,' whispered Tichon, and laid his finger timidly on his visitor's elbow.

Stavrogin started, and scowled with irritation. 'How did you know I was angry?' he asked quickly.

Tichon was about to speak, but his caller interrupted him suddenly with inexplicable excitement.

'Why did you imagine that I was angry? Yes, I was angry, you were right; and angry because I said to you "I love you." You are right; but you are a brutal cynic — you have a low idea of human nature. You would never have suspected anger if it had been somebody else and not I. But it is not somebody else — just myself. In spite of everything, you are eccentric and a fool.'

His excitement grew and his language became increasingly unrestrained. 'Listen, I don't love spies and psychologists — anyway, those that try to peek into my inner mind. I need nothing for my soul; I can take care of myself. Do you think I am afraid of you?' His voice rose higher and he threw back his head with a challenging air. 'You naturally assume that I have come to you to reveal some fearful secret. You are waiting for it with all the petty curiosity of your nature. Now understand that I will tell you nothing, no secret, and that I can get along without you.'

Tichon looked him steadily in the face, and said: 'Are you frightened because the angel would have you cold or hot, and not lukewarm? You do not wish to be lukewarm. I feel that an extraordinary, perhaps terrible, re-

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solve is enslaving you. I beg you, do not torture yourself.'

'You surely know that I came to you for a definite purpose.'

'I — suspect it,' whispered Tichon, and cast down his eyes.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich turned pale, and his hands began to tremble. For several minutes he stared fixedly at nothing and was silent, as if struggling to make a decision. Finally he drew from the side pocket of his coat a few printed sheets of note paper and laid them on the table.

'Here,' he said, with a choking voice, 'these sheets must be circulated. If only one man reads them, you understand, I will conceal nothing thereafter; every man can read them. That is what I have decided. I do not need your service; I have made up my mind. But read them. Don't say anything while you are reading them. Tell me what you have to say afterward.'

'Shall I read?' asked Tichon irresolutely.

'Read them; I permit it.'

'No, I cannot do so without my glasses; the type is small and foreign.'

'Here are your glasses.' Stavrogin handed them to him from the table and leaned back on the divan. Tichon did not look up, but buried himself in the papers.

PRE-WAR POLITICS IN FRANCE

BY RENÉ MARCHAND

[*René Marchand, a former French officer and a Bolshevik, an account of whose career appeared in the* Living Age *of July 3, 1920, has been engaged in a study of the diplomatic archives of the old Russian Foreign Office, the results of which he is publishing in Paris under the title,* A Black Book. *We print below extracts from the first volume of these documents, coming down to* 1912, *and the author's comments upon them, from a series of articles in* Humanité, *the Paris Communist organ. These dispatches throw an interesting light upon pre-war politics in France, as seen through the eyes of the Tsar's diplomats.*]

From *Humanité, March* 26, 27, *April* 5, 6, 9, 12
(Official Socialist Daily)

In studying the question who was directly responsible for the war, we cannot overlook the activities of M. Poincaré, after he became Premier, in January 1912, and President of the Republic, in February 1913. But such a study will take us still farther back; for the years that preceded M. Poincaré's elevation to power illustrate strikingly the errors and evils that culminated in his presidency.

Studied in the unsparing light thrown upon them by the secret diplomatic documents in the Russian archives, the authors of which were certainly in a position to know what was going on in Paris, the details of this period proved that Poincaré was the man in France — as William II was the man in Germany, and Isvolskii the man in Russia—who labored early and late to precipitate a crisis. We

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were already journeying toward the catastrophe before Poincaré appeared on the scene, but without knowing it, and without the people, or perhaps even the leaders mainly responsible, being clearly aware of what they were doing.

A dispatch dated December 14, 1910, contains the following keen analysis of political conditions in France at this date:—

First of all, we should observe that the present rulers of France, from venerable Freemasons down to the trashy little radical officials, are by no means the destructive element that they conventionally profess themselves to be. All these men are first and foremost members of the French bourgeoisie, generally well-educated and ambitious for wealth and advantages. A majority of them are cold-blooded business men of practical common sense, and jealous defenders of their property, their homes, and their authority over their inferiors.

During their long and bitter struggle with Catholicism and the all-powerful priesthood, the Freemasons and bourgeois freethinkers have been forced to find recruits in constantly broader strata of the population. At first they found enough backing in the bourgeoisie, among the members of the liberal professions and the learned world. During that period they were Liberals. Later they became Republicans. But even then the active propaganda of the shrewd Catholic clergy, always so adaptable to new conditions, threatened to defeat them. So they had to delve for political support in the lower strata of the population. That resulted in universal suffrage, and a flirtation with socialism and lay education. In other words, it started a campaign to undermine the influence of the clergy over the peasants and the working people. Any young man ambitious to make a career in public life must to-day profess to the voters radical convictions, and must lavish prodigal promises upon the propertyless and disinherited classes of society.

But let these people once attain power and influence, and they become at heart precisely like their predecessors, prudent and authority-loving members of the middle class, enjoying the fruits of the unequal distribution of wealth and appreciating them keenly.

Between our Russian 'comrades' and the most extreme members of radicalism or even socialism, there yawns a deep abyss that neither of these parties cares to fathom. Placed at the helm of state, a French Radical Socialist often becomes a prudent and conservative official, distinguished from an old cabinet officer or prefect of the nineteenth century merely by his early career, his campaign speeches, and his fierce hostility to clericalism.

French loans to Russia speedily taught radical politicians at Paris the path of wisdom in dealing with their autocratic ally at St. Petersburg. A country that had invested more than eleven billion francs of its savings in Russian securities could hardly wish to see a revolution wreck the economic constitution and the credit of the borrower.

Whatever may be the personal sentiments of the ruling men of the Republic toward the Russian Government and Russian autocracy, they are careful to be absolutely correct in their conduct toward us. Clemenceau might sling mud at the Russian Government in his paper when he was in the opposition; but as soon as he was appointed Minister of the Interior, he made a formal call upon the Russian Ambassador to tell him as a member of the Cabinet that he cherished only sentiments of the utmost sympathy and confidence toward Russia and her rulers.

In the course of this interview Clemenceau, then Minister of the Interior, evidently discussed more specific matters coming under the jurisdiction of his department, for the same dispatch of the Russian Embassy says:—

The French authorities will never surrender a political criminal to us, but the French police will keep a sharp eye sub rosa upon the conspiracies of Russian anarchists.

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However, the Russian Ambassador cherished no illusions regarding the general state of sentiment in France, for he remarked cynically at the conclusion of this same dispatch:—

> There is no true friendship for Russia. Some of the Conservatists abuse us because of our rapprochement with the Radical Ministry of the Republic now in power, while the Freemasons and the Radicals have no real sympathy for the Russian Government. . . . Public opinion in France is utterly opposed to us on the question of Finland; it is inclined to be hostile in respect to Poland and particularly in regard to the Jews. But this sentiment will never go beyond newspaper criticisms, pamphlets, and private manifestations. The men at the head of the Republic, no matter to what party they may belong, will not dare, or even wish, to have anything to do with an agitation that they disapprove and that embarrasses them. On the other hand, public opinion in France is inclined to exaggerate the economic achievements of the Russian Government.

When Delcassé became Minister of the Navy, he hastened to call upon the Russian Ambassador in order to assure him that he intended to strengthen the navy, and that he could speak for the Cabinet in saying the army would likewise be strengthened. In a later dispatch, Isvolskii, then Ambassador, describes long interviews with members of the Cabinet, including Caillaux, who assured him that the Government would be faithful to its alliance with Russia, and that although civilians might be in charge of the War and Navy departments, the real control of those departments would continue to rest in the hands of the professional fighting men. He added:—

> Speaking generally, I fancy that this Cabinet will not go very far with its reform measures at home, but will try to appease its Radical supporters by an energetic campaign against the Church: that is to say, in the field in which we are least interested.

In a dispatch dated February 2, 1911, Isvolskii praised Briand's Cabinet highly. It had taken measures to repair the blunders permitted by previous ministries in regard to the navy, when naval bases had been designated with less regard for their technical fitness than for the political support these towns were ready to give the politicians.

In a secret letter fron Neratov to Isvolskii, the former disclosed for the first time Russia's definite plans with regard to Constantinople. Neratov says that Russia would certainly approve the arrangements that France and Germany were gradually agreeing upon with respect to Morocco; but that Russia assumed France would consider herself morally bound 'to repay us when the occasion comes in the same coin, and to assure us beforehand that she will not oppose our plans, or interfere with them in respect to matters that are not of vital interest to France but are of vital interest to us.' After citing, as examples of such possible issues, the question of the Dardanelles and the question of Manchuria, he continues that with regard to Constantinople the Russian Government 'would like to proceed to definite pourparlers and possibly even to acts.' Further correspondence relating to Russia's designs upon Constantinople and the attitude of France toward these designs follows.

The last six months of 1912, which witnessed the Agadir incident in Morocco and the overthrow of Caillaux's Cabinet, were a transitional period in the relations between France and Russia, during which the alliance ceased to be passively pacific, and began to assume an aggressive character. Isvolskii, the shrewdest of Russian diplomats, expert in every device and trick of his profession, and as familiar with the checkerboard of European

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politics as he was with the palm of his own hand, was tremendously entertained by the ignorance of international relations displayed by Caillaux's Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Selves. He refers to this topic repeatedly in his correspondence. Finally the French Minister declared himself 'disposed to exchange views upon this subject (Russia's designs upon Constantinople) with the St. Petersburg Government, if new circumstances should render such a measure necessary.' Isvolskii was not disturbed in the least over the change of cabinet now impending in France, observing: '*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*'

With Poincaré's appearance on the stage, the plot began to thicken. That gentleman was greatly irritated because Russia informed Berlin of her proposal to mediate in the war between Italy and Turkey before arranging matters with Paris. Isvolskii, in cautioning Sazonov regarding this, characterized the new Premier as follows:—

> The present Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs is a very strong man, and his Cabinet seems to be the ablest that France has had for many years. So far as I have been able to observe, M. Poincaré is a person of great ability, but also excessively vain and inclined to resent strongly anything that he fancies betrays lack of regard for his opinion and his coöperation.

In another letter, dated June 20, 1912, he again refers to this subject:—

> Poincaré, in spite of all his faults, is a strong man. His victory in Parliament yesterday has considerably strengthened him. If an international crisis occurs, which God forbid, it is very important that we should have him wholly on our side, to be able to utilize his energy and resolution. With this in view, we must constantly keep in mind his morbid vanity. But apart from this defect, you will have already discovered that he is a man of great sincerity and rectitude.

France was soon occupied with a serious Mohammedan revolt at Fez, irritating negotiations with Spain regarding the delimitation of their respective zones of influence in Morocco, and friction with Italy due to the jealousy the latter's Tripoli expedition excited in Paris. These events might at any moment unsettle the equilibrium of Europe. The horizon was very black. Frank, outspoken, honest diplomacy was needed to relieve the situation. But instead, secret intrigue between foreign offices was more active than ever. As Isvolskii cynically reported:—

> While the independence of the Sultan and the territorial integrity of his realm have been confirmed by solemn treaty, secret agreements concluded between England, Italy, and Spain definitely assume that France will use force to conquer Morocco, and provide that suitable compensation shall be given the three Powers mentioned when this occurs. Thanks to these secret proceedings, the French people are kept in ignorance of the real designs of their Government, although those designs are perfectly well known to foreign Governments, including Germany, who has utilized the situation to her own great profit.

Is this not a remarkable recommendation for secret diplomacy! Isvolskii profited by this situation to bring about closer coöperation between the naval staffs of the two Powers. These efforts resulted in a naval convention, the effect of which was aggravated by a singular breach of confidence just before Poincaré left for his first visit to Russia. It is a curious story. The disclosure was made by an intimate friend of Poincaré, the future Ambassador Paleologue. It seriously embarrassed Isvolskii; but the babblers knew perfectly well what they were doing. Paleologue 'officially' told the Chargé d'Affaires of Germany, who was disturbed over this agreement, that

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Poincaré's policy was 'to bring about a precise and complete understanding within the Triple Entente for military, naval, diplomatic, and financial co-operation.'

About the same time another sensational revelation occurred. On August 6, 1912, *L'Écho de Paris* printed a telegram stating that Russia had agreed not to negotiate with Germany thereafter regarding any European question without a previous understanding with France. Under these circumstances, is it astonishing, then, that Berlin interpreted Poincaré's first visit to St. Petersburg as having an aggressive purpose? Paleologue, rather curiously, issued an indirect denial of the sensational *L'Écho de Paris* telegram, in the form of a telegram from London instead of by a personal statement. That manœuvre only added to the alarm in Germany. It produced an odd dilemma.

One possibility was that Paleologue — whom Isvolskii in a letter dated August 14, 1914, characterized as a 'typical specimen of race-crossing and of that fantastic type of mind that becomes incessantly involved in countless subtleties and does not shrink from the most flagrant lying, from the consequences of which it hopes later to extricate itself one way or another' — had not been able to resist the temptation to reveal a state secret to his associates. According to his habit, he had probably surrounded his statement with as much mystery as possible in order to add to its importance. Caught between the hammer and the anvil, that is, between his newspaper friends and the Russian Embassy, he chose the devious device of denying the truth of his information, without denying the fact that he gave it.

Or there might be a second explanation. Paleologue, in his desire to carry out the ideas of Poincaré, his master, — or possibly in his very eagerness to flatter that gentleman, — sought to scatter incense around the feet of the Premier as he was departing for St. Petersburg, in order to add to the impressiveness of the visit and to herald it with trumpets to foreign ministries.

Thus was the way prepared for Poincaré's first visit to Russia.

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THE SIBERIAN MUDDLE

From the *Herald of Asia, April* 15
(Tokyo English-Language Japanese Liberal Weekly)

Once upon a time a certain gentleman found himself placed by unkind circumstance in the position where he held a bull by the tail. He did not wish to hang on; still he was afraid to let go. His predicament was exactly similar to that in which Japan finds herself with respect to Siberia.

The latest clash between Japanese troops and Chita forces adds one more trouble to the record of difficulties that has been the sole return the Empire has received from its Siberian campaign. It is true that England and the United States have no reason to feel proud of their records in Siberia; but at least these countries were wise enough, even though wisdom was somewhat belated, to withdraw their forces 'while the going was good.' But we missed our opportunity, and as a result we have been reaping the whirlwind with unfailing regularity.

It is true that Japan has far more at stake in Siberia than have these other countries, but our continued military occupation has not helped our situation. On the contrary, we have sacrificed many lives and many millions of treasure. The presence of our troops did not prevent the Nikolaiefsk massacre; it is far more likely that it served as a contributory cause thereto. The gains which have been made by our merchants, fishermen, and other civilians have been utterly trivial in comparison with the great sums of public money expended; and it is extremely probable that Japan's position commercially in respect to Siberia would have been far better had our troops been withdrawn long ago than it may possibly be now, when it cannot be denied that the general feeling of the Siberians toward the Japanese is one of ill will.

It may be said that the Japanese expedition served two good purposes: namely, originally at least, that of preventing the huge military stores accumulated at Vladivostok from falling into hostile hands and of protecting our mercantile interests in that city; and secondly, that of preventing the scourge of Bolshevism from penetrating into Japanese territory, especially Korea. However, the first purpose could probably have been met as well by maintaining a fairly powerful naval force at Vladivostok, and it seems plain that the situation there might be met to-day by the presence of a few ships which might guarantee protection of the city. As to the keeping of a strict quarantine on Bolshevism, this task is undoubtedly one which Japan must continue to undertake for her own sake and that of the world at large; but this might be done far more properly by maintaining our forces on our own border rather than within a neighbor's domain.

That the troubles which have taken place recently will damage our international standing is certain. It goes without saying that the Japanese troops could not be expected to suffer attack — if that is what happened — and refrain from retaliating, but even this argument will always be countered with the charge that they had no business in Siberia in the first place. Of course, at the Washington Conference no definite date was set for the withdrawal of the Japanese troops; but nevertheless Japan would seem to

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be under a strong moral obligation to effect a withdrawal fairly speedily, and it is certain that this is being expected by the world. The confidence and respect of other nations which Japan gained at Washington stands in great danger of being lost on account of this Siberian muddle. Certainly the game is not worth the candle.

The clamor against Japan has already begun, and, as might be expected, Japan's enemies have not been slow to take gleeful advantage of this affair. Senator Borah is preparing for the fray. The *New York Globe* is already calling on the world to behold this fresh evidence of our militarism. The *New York Times* says that 'such bloodshed as may follow will be directly due to the one-sided character of the Japanese "civil war,"' and we learn that other commentators say the fight is a usual 'incident' following a Japanese promise of evacuation.

Even though it should be shown that in this specific case Japan could have acted only as she did, it is certain that the matter will be treated in the international press something like this: The Japanese military authorities announced that the troops were about to be withdrawn, but that a clash was likely. Significantly, the clash followed immediately. Japan, fearing that the Genoa Conference might bring about some kind of recognition of Russia, precipitated this clash in order to provide an excuse for postponing evacuation.

No matter what may have been the actual facts, the events which have taken place lend themselves to such a coloring. No matter how anxiously the Japanese people may wish to see the withdrawal effected, the world will point to the outstanding fact that the troops are in Siberia. It is true that the situation is difficult, that no soldier may wish to appear to be placed in the position of withdrawing under attack; but there is no likelihood that the situation will improve.

On the contrary, one need but refer to the speech made by Trotskii before the Ninth Soviet Congress in Moscow, when he said: 'Shall we remove our troops from the territory of the Far Eastern Republic? No, we can regret only that there are not enough of our troops there to defend our territories properly. But we are certain that the time will soon come when Red bayonets will be strong enough to repel the attacks of these insolent Imperialist vultures.'

It is evident that continued occupation can lead but to continued and increased trouble. No one is so foolish as to believe that Japan fears the Reds, — it would be too absurd, — but it would be the height of absurdity for Japan to allow herself to be drawn into a conflict which could have no possible gain for her, as we have repeatedly gone on record as having no ambitions of territorial conquest in Siberia.

Unless Siberia is evacuated by our forces, we lay ourselves open to strong suspicion of wishing to violate both that promise and that of evacuating in the near future. Our old troublesome reputation of being a militaristic country will remain with us and will interfere with our development along commercial lines. We are losing constantly lives, money, the friendship of the Russians with whom we shall presently wish to trade, and our international standing. And there is not the slightest thing to be gained. It is a case of 'heads you win and tails we lose.' We must not allow the military men to lead us further into this Siberian muddle. There is only one thing to do, and that is to put an end to the matter, as we should have done long ago.

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FAREWELL TO THE ENTENTE

From the *New Statesman, May* 13
(London Liberal Labor Weekly)

Nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand are now convinced that Genoa was either a farce or a tragedy. What it has achieved of its objects might be put on the back of a post card. The reconstructors of Europe have drawn up an economic programme which has been described as equal in importance to the Justinian Code; we admire the magniloquence of the phrase, but we shall reserve our applause until we see it applied. There have also been some slight surprises in the shape of the Russo-German Treaty, a few private contracts by enterprising business men, and an arrangement by which the Vatican may send Catholic missionaries to convert the heretics in Russia. Whether these items should appear on the post card may be a matter of argument.

For the rest, we have not discovered the way of restoring peace to Europe; on the contrary, we have exposed our differences and sharpened our quarrels. It is, indeed, true that Genoa has been both a farce and a tragedy. But is it the whole truth? We do not think it is. For the events of the last few weeks have forced into the forefront the question which must be settled before there can be any hopeful attempts at reconstruction. Is the Anglo-French Entente at last to be destroyed? It seems that Genoa has made it certain, and, that being so, we shall not regard Genoa as mere tragedy or farce.

No intelligent man will be deceived by the buzz of words which has filled the air during the past week. The correspondent of the *Times* startles the world with a report of Mr. Lloyd George tearing up the Entente under M. Barthou's nose. 'A deliberate and malicious invention,' cries Mr. Lloyd George, and M. Barthou writes a letter to say that he agrees that Mr. Wickham Steed was lying, and Mr. Wickham Steed says that he was not, and the London press storms and the Paris press raises its eyebrows, and the House of Commons curses Lord Northcliffe and cheers the Prime Minster, and M. Poincaré comes in at the end with a declaration of his attachment to Britain and of his confidence in our loyalty and coöperation.

And is the incident then closed and the Entente saved? Far from it. The only conclusions to be drawn from this breathless episode are that the *Times* has overreached itself, that the politicians and journalists have said what was to be expected in the circumstances, and that the Entente is on its deathbed. For let us be clear about this. Mr. Lloyd George is not the man who is undermining the Entente, or leading British opinion against it; he appears rather to be following uncertainly in the wake of British opinion, and his formal professions of sympathy with the French Government are formally accepted here for exactly what they are worth. They are worth, to be quite plain, nothing at all. There is no sympathy in this country for M. Poincaré's policy, and if M. Poincaré or anyone else in France thinks to read British opinion from the small group of newspapers which are *plus français que la France,* he is lamentably misreading it.

Three years ago we joined with the French in making fools of ourselves at the Peace Conference. Having done that, we began slowly to awaken to common sense. At first patiently, and

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then with increasing wonder and irritation, we have seen them determined to remain insensible to all arguments, economic and political. We have seen their fatuous policy keeping open the sores, thwarting our interests and the interests of all Europe without in the least advancing their own. We have remonstrated and wrangled and supported them, but the support has become more and more reluctant month by month. M. Briand, after administering the rudest of shocks to the Entente at Washington, gave promise of making amends at Cannes. M. Poincaré has blown the hopes raised by his predecessor to the winds. His attitude, his speeches and his behavior, before and during the Genoa Conference, have, we believe, opened the eyes of the last doubters in this country.

Shrewd French observers have called attention to the fact that it is not only disgruntled pacifists and idealists who are now ranged against the Poincaréan policy, but the whole of the Labor and Liberal parties; and not only these, but a large section of the Conservatives also. They might have said, without much fear of contradiction, the vast majority of the Conservatives, as they would find if they made a round of the City or the great manufacturing centres or the London clubs, or if they looked at the cartoons in *Punch* instead of the leading articles in the *Morning Post*. M. Poincaré and his friends, in wrecking Genoa, have made the British people practically solid against the Entente.

M. Poincaré and his friends are not, it seems, quite blind to what they have done. That is evident from some of the frantic efforts that are being made to save the situation. But these efforts are ludicrous. We are assured, of course, that it is not France but Russia who has wrecked the Genoa Conference. No doubt it is easy to paint a lurid picture of the 'unreasonableness' of the Bolsheviki. But how much of that unreasonableness has been due to the prior unreasonableness of the French? Does anyone seriously suppose that the struggle with Moscow would have been what it has been, and is, if Paris had not so willed it? It is as though in some industrial dispute the employers should summon the workmen to a meeting, treat them with contumely and suspicion, try to impose impossible terms upon them, and then, when these were rejected, triumphantly abuse them for the failure of the negotiations. The trick is too transparent.

But the defenders of the Entente have other strings to their bow. Appeals are made to our passions. The great stand of Belgium, supported by France, against the Bolsheviks, is a stand, we are told, for the sacred right of property. Is not that right one of the fundamental bases of civilized society? And can Englishmen, with their well-known zeal for civilization and their equally well-known zeal for private property, abandon it without a qualm? The short answer to that is that the sacred right, as envisaged by the Belgians in this case, is a chimera, that the Russian State cannot be prevented from nationalizing private property, if it seems good to it to do so, and that in the circumstances it is better to get the compensation which can be got by fair and square arrangement than to get nothing at all by heroic intransigence. That appeal breaks down in the light of common sense. But what is to be said of another appeal which is being dinned into our ears? We are reminded in the Northcliffe Press of the crimes of the 'bloodstained Bolshevik' and the 'Prussian bully.' We are told exactly how many Britons laid down their lives in the war, and for whom they laid them down. We are asked who sank the Lusitania, and whether Mr. Lloyd George said, 'Germany must

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pay.' And finally, King George's visit to Brussels and even the memory of King Edward VII are thrown at us!

It is incredible how little the writers of this fustian understand the psychology of their countrymen. There is, in fact, only one method by which M. Poincaré can restore the lost harmony between the two nations, and that is by changing his policy. To expect that is presumably to expect a miracle, and, accordingly, we expect the inevitable alternative — the end of the Entente. France may regret it; but since France has wedded herself to M. Poincaré and his principles, she must pay the price. The great majority of the British people, we believe, will not regret it, because they know that the Entente, as it is to-day, is a dangerous sham, and, as it was yesterday, was a dangerous reality.

But if the Entente is to go, it is desirable that we should face the prospect coolly. We see no reason for treating it as a disaster. The real disaster lies in the failure of the Entente to become, after the war, what it might have been, — a union of the two most powerful peoples in Europe, bending their energies honestly to the task of pacification and reconstruction, — and in the fact that it has been instead an instrument for imposing the will of the victors on the vanquished and a standing symbol of European dissension. We do not understand the feelings of alarm with which its disappearance is viewed even by some of those who see its mischievousness. It is nonsense to talk as though our only alternative to helping France to bully Germany was to make an alliance with Germany to fight against France. We do not intend to abandon the Anglo-French Entente in order to plunge into an Anglo-German Entente or an Anglo-Italian-Russo-German Entente. We do not see why there must be new groupings in Europe that will lead inevitably to war; the idea is an obsession of a few persons in this country — and more in France — who cannot think except in terms of bayonets and guns and blood.

In point of fact, it is difficult to picture any group of States basing itself on the French policy. Belgium may sympathize for the moment with the French point of view. Poland and the Little Entente may have grudges or suspicions against Germany or Russia. But we do not believe that any of them are going to sacrifice their material interests indefinitely for the beaux yeux of M. Poincaré and the French militarists and financiers. We believe, on the contrary, that France will find herself isolated. She will find others making their own terms with Russia and with Germany, and she will soon be forced to some less futile method of attaining her own ends than pouring troops over the Rhine. In all the circumstances it may be that the most likely way to European peace will be by the isolation — the temporary isolation — of France. At any rate, we are persuaded that, paradoxical as it may sound, the breaking of the Entente is the best way of promoting better relations between France and Britain.

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ON THE EVE OF THE TRAGEDY. VIII

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

From *La Revue de France, May* 1
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IN order to understand what occurred in the Danube Monarchy after the assassination at Serajevo, we must comprehend the eagerness with which the Austro-Hungarian Government contemplated a war with Serbia.

Serbia's victory during the Balkan wars, and the material and moral advantages they had brought her, intensely exasperated the Austrians and Hungarians. They were unable to prevent this victory, and they were even more incapable of accepting its consequences. They were like bad losers, furious because their errors and the caprice of chance had lost them the game. The Vienna Foreign Office did nothing but blunder and miscalculate. An alliance of the Balkan Governments to divide up the Ottoman territories had taken its diplomats and ministers completely by surprise.

Following the first Balkan war, Austria had bent her influence to inducing the exasperated Bulgarians and their scheming sovereign to start a second war, which they hoped would crush the Serbs. Just the reverse happened. The Bulgarians were beaten to a standstill, and Rumania, although allied with Austria, actively aided her worst enemies, and insured Bulgaria's defeat. That was a new disaster for the gentlemen at Vienna, quite as painful as the previous one.

Unreconciled and angry, they then sought to accomplish by force of arms what they had lost by bad diplomacy. As early as 1913, they thought of attacking Serbia. They disclosed this project to their allies, Germany and Italy. Giolitti's revelations threw a flood of light upon this incident. On August 9 the Marquis of San Giuliano telegraphed to Giolitti, then Premier of Italy: —

> Austria-Hungary has informed us and Germany of her intention to proceed against Serbia. She describes this measure as defensive, hoping to bring in the Triple Alliance. I do not think the case comes under our Treaty. I am trying to secure an understanding with Germany with a view to preventing Austria from taking action. But it may become necessary to state frankly that we do not consider such a measure as is proposed defensive, and consequently do not think that our Treaty applies. I beg you to telegraph me at Rome if you approve.

To this Mr. Giolitti replied: —

> If Austria proceeds against Serbia, it is evident that our Treaty does not apply. She will be acting entirely on her own account. There is no question of defense, since no one proposes to attack her. It is important to make this plain to Austria in the most formal fashion, and it is to be hoped that Germany's influence will dissuade Austria from this perilous adventure.

So on this occasion Italy positively refused to take up arms. If she had been alone in this attitude, Austria might have gone farther; but Germany extended a restraining hand, not wishing to alienate Rumania, which was under a Hohenzollern king. The Austrian Government saw itself forced against its will to resheathe the sword. But it was merely watching for the first favorable chance to tear up the Bu-

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charest Treaty, which it was determined not to tolerate, and to attack Serbia and eventually Russia.

This warlike spirit grew stronger during the winter and spring of 1914. We have numerous proofs of this. On the twenty-seventh of March, 1914, a French informant wrote from Vienna: —

> The press bureau here is methodically stirring up hatred for Russia. These manœuvres are decidedly disturbing. They afford grounds for believing that the men who now dictate Austro-Hungarian policies are preparing public sentiment for a future war, and are trying to make a war popular. They are working hand in hand with the military party.

Two months later, in May 1914, the Marquis of Pallavicini, Ambassador for Austria-Hungary at Constantinople, was granted an audience by his Emperor, Francis Joseph, who told him that war was inevitable, that the Central Powers would not tolerate the Bucharest Treaty, and that nothing less than a resort to arms could cure the situation. The Marquis of Pallavicini personally revealed this a few months later to Mr. Morgenthau, United States Ambassador at Constantinople.

On June 27, the day before the assassination at Serajevo, our Minister at Belgrade, M. Descos, observed heavy movements of Austrian troops along the Serbian frontier that attracted his attention. He wrote: 'They were practising a regular mobilization, which they have repeated several times during the last few years along the Southern frontier of the Monarchy.'

In truth, Austria-Hungary had mobilized there more than once previously. For financial and diplomatic reasons, she could not keep that up indefinitely; for it cost her money, and yielded her nothing in return.

In May 1913, Conrad von Hoetzendorff, Chief of the General Staff and future Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Hungarian armies, told a *Times* correspondent: 'Twice during the last two years I have made ready for war against Serbia. On both occasions my plans were spoiled by politicians. But war is inevitable, and it cannot be postponed indefinitely. One must not disappoint the army too often.'

As I have said, this constant brandishing of the sabre was an expensive business. The finances of Austria-Hungary were far from solid. Whenever a European Government was short of cash, it was apt to turn to Paris for funds. Austria-Hungary, although formally allied with Germany, our enemy, was not able to resist this temptation. For several years her financiers endeavored in every way in their power to float loans in Paris. In 1913 they redoubled these efforts. The Managing Director of the Austrian Crédit Foncier, Rudolph Sieghart, visited Paris personally, where he interviewed a great number of politicians, journalists, and bankers, and entertained lavishly. For a moment it looked as if he would succeed. But the idea of sending French money to Vienna, where the Government was openly making ready to fight Serbia and eventually Russia, our ally, was more than Parliament and French public opinion would swallow. Our diplomats resolutely opposed such a loan and it failed. The Austrians and Hungarians were deeply offended. On July 30, 1913, Count Tisza remarked cynically to one of his friends: —

> Serbia, although a little peasant country, will have to pay Austria an indemnity of several billions. We know quite well she has n't a cent to do it with. But when a young lady has debts, she can find friends to pay for her. We want to float a loan. If France won't lend us money, her gold will reach us by that route.

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I mentioned in a previous article a Memorandum prepared by Count Berchtold[1] after the interview between the Kaiser and Archduke Ferdinand at Konopicht, and before the assassination at Serajevo. Immediately after the murder, Francis Joseph sent this Memorandum to William II, and followed it up with a postscript and a letter. The postscript read: —

> The above Memorandum had just been finished when the terrible crime was committed at Serajevo. It is difficult to realize all the possibilities of that abominable murder. However, it has proved beyond question — were that necessary — the impossibility of allaying the enmity between my Monarchy and Serbia, as well as the threatening character and the intensity of our own Serbian propaganda, which shrinks from nothing. . . . Under these conditions, my Monarchy finds itself compelled to tear to pieces the web that its enemy is trying to spin about us for the purpose of strangling us.

In his letter Francis Joseph said among other things: 'My Government must take rigorous measures to isolate and to humble Serbia.' Such was the spirit that reigned at Vienna after the assassination. In government circles, it was practically the only emotion excited by the death of the royal heir. Many men of high rank rejoiced openly over the tragedy. It furnished them the excuse they wanted. They seized it eagerly. They had been convinced for a long time that Austria-Hungary must fight Serbia, and they did not believe that Russia would really interfere. In case she did, they expected Germany to protect them from her.

Hitherto Germany had held them back. This time, instead of restraining them, she encouraged them. So, regardless of future consequences, the Vienna politicians plunged blindly ahead, with the mingled heedlessness, frivolity, and irresponsibility that characterized Austrian diplomacy.

[1] See the *Living Age* of May 6.

Let us pause here to glance at the men who were in control of Austria-Hungary when the conflagration started. The old Emperor, incapacitated by age, no longer ran the government. A palace clique had gradually monopolized authority. Count Berchtold, the Foreign Minister, was an immensely wealthy member of the old nobility, absorbed in personal pleasures, and more mindful of amusing himself than of steering the ship of state. A foreign diplomat who chanced to drop in one evening at a tiny Vienna theatre, similar to our *boîtes de Montmartre*, discovered Berchtold in one of the front seats. The Minister waved his hand at the diplomat from a distance, as a sign of recognition. Imagine the latter's surprise when one of the women ushers stepped up to the Count between the acts and deposited a huge bouquet in his lap. As the audience was leaving, Berchtold greeted his acquaintance, and said to him in the most natural manner in the world: 'Do you see these flowers? The manager of the theatre sent them to me. He's tremendously proud because I have visited his place five or six evenings in succession.'

The diplomat who told me of this incident was walking with a friend, one Sunday evening in July 1914, in one of the more popular suburbs of Vienna. Berchtold had left for Ischl a few days previously to see the old Emperor. His visit was to secure the imperial signature to the Ultimatum to Serbia. When Berchtold returned to Vienna about five or six o'clock on Sunday afternoon, he dropped in at the Foreign Office just long enough to leave the portfolio containing the famous document that was to precipitate a world war. He stopped

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at his office hardly long enough to exchange a word with his secretaries. My diplomatic friend, during this Sunday stroll, met him in the midst of a circle of merry companions, larking like a student on a spree.

That was the kind of man thought fit to handle the helm of state in those threatening and stormy days! Frivolous, superficial, vain, destitute of all serious and exact knowledge, and lacking true taste and culture, he was driven helplessly hither and thither by the gale. Work disgusted him. Diplomatic business wearied him. Any task requiring mental concentration, such as reading a report, or thinking out a decision, he left to his subordinates.

Count Forgasch was Berchtold's right-hand man. He had managed the famous Agram trials in 1909, during which he invented an imaginary conspiracy based on forged documents. Although the exposures attending that trial covered him with ridicule and opprobrium, they did not prejudice his official career in the slightest degree. He was made Austria's representative at Dresden for four years, a post making very little demand on a person's capacities. Then he returned to the Ballplatz, where he managed to make himself, under a chief as weak and irresponsible as Berchtold, an all-powerful personage.

On one occasion, M. Dumaine, the French Ambassador, complained to Forgasch that the Foreign Minister had not replied to some inquiry he had made, whereupon Forgasch answered with a laugh : 'How, are you so simple as to go to Berchtold with an important matter? Come and talk it over with me. It's the only way to get anything done.' M. Dumaine describes this gentleman as follows: 'A big, vigorous body, surmounted by a head with a very low forehead, and a face that owes its remarkable ugliness, not to any particular deformity, but to the painful inharmoniousness of its features. These simply refuse to go together.'

However, this gentleman was not embarrassed in the least by either his ill-favored countenance or his evil reputation. Humorous and cynical, he made a studied effort to say aloud what others kept to themselves. Bismarck was his model, his ideal. He was fond of copying that statesman's blunt and brutal frankness. One can well imagine the satisfaction with which he set to work immediately after the assassination of June 28.

So much for the men at the head of foreign affairs. The principal man in charge of military affairs was Conrad von Hoetzendorff, who has recently published the first volume of his memoirs. In that volume he states, with perfect frankness, that almost as soon as he was appointed to the General Staff, he advised the Emperor to declare war upon Italy. He says: Since we should have to fight her some day, it was obvious that the sooner we did so, the better.' The old Emperor and Aehrenthal, at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs, refused to listen to this advice.

Not being able to fight Italy, Von Hoetzendorff centred his attention upon a war with Serbia. Immediately after the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, he proposed a campaign against that country; and as I have already said, he had mobilized the army two or three times for that purpose.

These men were running the government when the investigation of the Archduke's murder started. It had been decided to implicate the Serbian Government at any cost. Francis Joseph stated this clearly in a letter that he sent to William II on July 5: —

According to authoritative information, the Serajevo murder was not the act of an

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individual, but the culmination of a plot, the threads of which centre in Belgrade. And even in the improbable case that we shall not be able to prove that the Serbian Government was an accomplice, we feel certain that its policy of uniting all the South Slavs encourages such criminal enterprises.

Thus, whatever might be the outcome of the investigation, Austria's course was predetermined. She intended to push things to the limit.

On July 30, only two days after the tragedy, Tschirschky, German Ambassador at Vienna, addressed the following dispatch to the Imperial Chancellor. It is one of the most significant documents of the period. I quote it entire, with the marginal notes of William II: —

Count Berchtold told me to-day there was every indication that the threads of the conspiracy of which the Archduke was the victim centre at Belgrade. The affair was so cleverly designed that very young persons had been expressly selected to execute the crime, since they could not be sentenced to more than secondary penalties. (*I certainly hope this is not the case.*) The Minister spoke with intense bitterness of the Serbian plots.

I have heard even people of moderation and responsible judgment express a desire to settle once for all Austria's account with the Serbs. (*Now or never!*) They think one should submit to the Serbs a series of conditions, and in case they do not accept them, should take vigorous measures. I am seizing every opportunity to dissuade people quietly but seriously from precipitate measures. (*Who has authorized that? Utterly stupid! It's none of his business! It is for Austria alone to decide what she considers it necessary to do. If things go wrong later, they will say: Germany opposed! Let Tschirschky do me the favor to drop such foolishness. The Serbs must be settled with as soon as possible. That is self-evident. It is something that requires no argument.*)

First of all, it is important for people to know precisely what they wish. Up to the present, I have heard nothing but very vague and confused impressions. It would be well to weigh carefully the possible results of any act, and to bear in mind that Austria-Hungary is not the only country in the world; that she must show due consideration for her allies and keep in view the European situation as a whole; especially that she should not lose sight of Italy's and Rumania's attitude in matters concerning Serbia.

One can hardly exaggerate the importance of this dispatch, which supplies a key to the whole situation. The men in the saddle at Vienna were so eager for war that even Tschirschky felt obliged to hold them back. That was an extraordinary situation. For the German Ambassador was not a pacifist; quite the reverse.

M. Dumaine describes him as follows: —

A bad imitation of Bismarck, recalling only the latter's defects. He made much of his authority and knowledge as former State Secretary in the German Foreign Office, and delivered himself upon every subject in a peremptory tone that left no room for an opinion differing from his own. The accidents of his career, which was advanced by the unjustified caprice of the Kaiser, gave him a tremendous opinion of himself. As if it were not enough to try to impose his authority ostentatiously upon the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, he affected such superiority toward his colleagues that most of them ceased to associate with him.

He despised the Serbs so much that he was fond of quoting a remark King Milan made to him when he was a young Chargé d'Affaires at Belgrade. The sovereign remarked: 'Believe me, my dear fellow, if I were not here, Austria would not have a person in Serbia with whom to talk.' During July, he stated literally to our Ambassador: 'I am so convinced of the necessity of crushing the Serbs, that I would not hesitate to exceed the instructions of my Government to get Austria to act.'

Such words might seem to contradict

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the moderate attitude that he affected in his dispatch of June 30; but the contradiction is only apparent and is easily explained. At that moment, when the thing was just beginning, he had not yet hit the pace of those about him. The people at Vienna had got ahead of him. But as soon as he learned that William II was heart and soul with the war party, he quickly caught up with the procession and even outdistanced it. From that time on, he led the dance. At the last moment, when the Vienna ministers, frightened out of their frivolous and light-hearted mood by the serious turn that events were taking, sought to check their course, Tschirschky, at the inspiration of Berlin, pushed them over the brink.

More than that, his famous dispatch throws a flash of light upon the mentality of William II and the part he played in the affair. From the very beginning he was intent on taking extreme measures against the Serbs, whom he considered a gang of assassins and brigands. He clung to this opinion from the beginning to the end. There was nothing to do with such people but to crush them; even though they might abjectly submit and do all demanded of them, they should, none the less, be punished and humiliated, and forced to grovel abjectly.

During the negotiations, William II backed up every demand that Austria made. These were never harsh enough to suit him. He became impatient at the slightest delay or hesitation. If Russia, England, or France showed signs of intervening or interfering between Austria and Serbia, he looked upon their action almost as a personal offense, and declared that the whole strength of Germany was at the service of Austria to prevent such interference.

So the Berchtold clique set to work. On July 4, Count Hoyos, head of the administrative section of the Foreign Office, brought to Berlin an autograph letter from Francis Joseph. It described fully Austria's belligerent designs. On the following day the Austrian Ambassador at Berlin, Szögyeny, dined with the Kaiser at Potsdam. He delivered the letter of Francis Joseph to him. After dinner they held the famous consultation where it was decided to declare war against Serbia, and eventually against Russia and France.

The Germans have tried to deny that such a council of war was ever held. This has proved futile. The fact is proved by any number of documents. First we have the telegram sent by Szögyeny, the Austrian Ambassador, describing his interview with William II: —

> It is the opinion of William II that we should not delay our action against Serbia. Russia is sure to be hostile, but he has been preparing for this for years; and if a war breaks out between Austria-Hungary and Russia, Germany will stand by us with the loyalty she has always shown her ally. . . . If we believe we must fight that country, he (William II) would regret to see us let such a favorable occasion as the present one pass without profiting by it.

Lichnovsky's *Memoirs* report to the same effect :—

> I learned later that during the decisive consultation at Potsdam, on July 5, the Viennese demand had been approved unconditionally by all the persons in authority present, and that they were of the opinion it would not be a bad thing even were war with Russia to ensue.

On the day following this conversation, William II summoned his military advisers to Potsdam. Von dem Bussche, an Undersecretary of State, has recently written: 'It was decided to prepare foi every eventuality by taking such measures as would be necessary in case of war.' The representatives of the General Staff reported to

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the Kaiser: 'Our mobilization plans for such an emergency were completed on March 31, 1914. The army is ready, as it always is.' If that was not a council of war, what name shall we apply to it? One thing is certain: a war resulted from it.

Count Hoyos hastily returned to Vienna, fortified by the assurance of Germany's unreserved support. The Austro-Hungarian Cabinet held a very important meeting on July 7. The minutes of this meeting were published in the Austrian Red Book of 1919. Count Berchtold opened the discussion by saying that the time had come to make Serbia powerless once and for all to injure Austria. The German Government promised unreserved support in this war. Hostilities with Russia would probably result, but it was preferable that they should occur now; for Russia was growing stronger in the Balkans with every day that passed.

Count Tisza, President of the Hungarian Cabinet, expressed a different opinion. Although war with Serbia had become a possibility to be contemplated, he did not believe that it should be started without diplomatic preparation. He said that he would 'never approve undertaking, without preliminary diplomatic action, the sudden aggressive war against Serbia that seemed to be contemplated and, to his great regret, had been proposed at Berlin by Count Hoyos.'

A prolonged debate followed. Tisza stood by his opinion. Finally the matter was compromised as follows: The Cabinet decided that there must be an immediate and definite settlement with Serbia, either by war or by peaceful negotiations. Out of respect for the Premier of the Hungarian Cabinet, Austria-Hungary would not attack Serbia without warning, as had been contemplated at first. Instead, an ultimatum would be delivered to that country, and mobilization would follow at once. All the members present, except Tisza, believed that a purely diplomatic success would not be enough. It was indispensable to follow it up by a military victory.

We must acknowledge that the minutes published in this Red Book have materially changed our preconceived idea of the part played by Count Tisza during the weeks immediately preceding the war. His aggressive temperament, his bellicose methods in politics, his unbounded admiration for Germany, his love of doing things with a strong hand, created the impression that he would be the first to counsel war. That proves not to have been the fact, at least in the beginning.

We have just seen that he opposed a precipitate attack on Serbia at the cabinet meeting held on July 7; and indeed he secured some consideration for his views. These were, however, more theoretical than practical. The Austro-Hungarian Government yielded to his opinion to the extent of sending an Ultimatum to Serbia before declaring war, but it took every precaution to make this Ultimatum impossible of acceptance, in order that there might be immediate recourse to the only argument in which the Vienna leaders placed any confidence — a military campaign.

During one of my frequent visits to Hungary, in the winter of 1910, I called upon Count Tisza and had a long conversation with him. He was the coldest, iciest, I might even say the most sinister, of men. He gave me the impression of a person who had never laughed in his life. Tall, withered, emaciated, his beard untrimmed, carelessly clothed, blunt, and studiously cynical in manner, he dominated domestic politics and the foreign relations of his country with an iron hand and a drawn sword. His Magyar nationalism

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surpassed all limits. It was no use trying to discuss with him concessions to the Rumanians, the Serbs, or the Slovaks. If those subject nationalities made the slightest protest, he smashed them under his pitiless fist. No one dared to appear in the field against him when he set out to 'make,' in the literal sense of the word, a 'good Hungarian election.'

Possibly his inflexible nationalism helps to explain his attitude during the first weeks of July 1914. The prospect of dismembering Serbia, as Count Hoyos proposed at Berlin, and of adding new Serbian districts to Hungary, was not altogether to Tisza's taste. More than that, he had a broader and more intelligent idea of the complications that might follow a war with Serbia than did his associates. For in spite of all his faults, Tisza towered high above such insignificant and frivolous pseudo-statesmen as Berchtold, who occupied the front of the stage at Vienna and pretended to control events when events were controlling him.

Immediately after returning to Budapest, Tisza wrote a letter to Emperor Francis Joseph that was not lacking in political wisdom. He pointed out why Austria-Hungary should not take military measures against Serbia until all means for a peaceful solution had been exhausted. He discussed the possible attitude of Rumania, England, Italy, and Russia. He wished first of all that the Vienna Cabinet should solemnly declare it did not propose to destroy or annex Serbia. Unhappily for him and for his country, Tisza did not preserve this prudent position long.

On July 10, Tschirschky telegraphed to the Imperial Chancellor at Berlin: 'Berchtold is complaining of Count Tisza's attitude, which makes it difficult to proceed vigorously against Serbia. Tisza pretends that they should act "like gentlemen."' William II jotted the following contemptuous note on the margin of this telegram: *With assassins! After all that has happened! Stupidity!*

It certainly does honor to the Hungarian Premier that he preferred to act like a gentleman. It is in keeping with the chivalrous character of the Hungarians. But his attitude was suddenly reversed four days later. He returned to Vienna. The advocates of war won him over completely. On July 14, Tschirschky could telegraph Berlin the following dispatch, to which William II appended, as usual, marginal comments: —

Count Tisza called on me to-day after seeing Count Berchtold. He told me that he was a man who always counseled prudence, but that every day strengthened his opinion that the Monarchy must make up its mind to act energetically (*Certainly!*) in order to prove its vigor and to end once for all the deplorable situation on its southeastern border. The language of the Serbian press and of Serbian diplomats is insupportably arrogant. Tisza told me: 'It has been disagreeable for me to advise war; but I am now fully convinced that it is necessary, and I shall exert myself to the utmost in behalf of the Monarchy. . . .'

The final text of the note to be delivered to Serbia is not yet drafted. It will be ready Sunday (July 19). It has been decided that it will be better to wait until Poincaré leaves St. Petersburg, that is, until July 25, before delivering it to Serbia. (*What a pity!*) But as soon as the period allowed Serbia to reply has elapsed, or in case she does not accept all the conditions without reservations, mobilization will be ordered. The note has been drafted in such a way that it will be practically impossible for Serbia to accept it. (William II underlined this sentence twice.) . . . Upon leaving, Count Tisza shook my hand cordially and said, 'Now we can face the future with calmness and firmness.'

As we have seen, it did not take long to convert Tisza. Opposed to the war at first, he now devoted all his energy

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to promoting it. He assisted Berchtold in drafting the Ultimatum, and all that remained to be done was to get the signature of the old Emperor at Ischl. That was not difficult. The essential fact about the Ultimatum is what Tschirschky said in his telegram: that its acceptance was impossible. No precaution was neglected to make that certain.

The next thing was to becloud the situation in every way possible, to lull the government circles of Russia, France, and England with false security, by misleading reports, taking vacations, and premeditated absences. That was not particularly difficult; for, to put it mildly, the leading statesmen of those Powers viewed the situation most complacently and aloofly. So preparations went on in the utmost secrecy. The gentlemen of the Vienna Foreign Office lavished soft words and pacific declarations upon the foreign diplomats in their city. Baron Macchio, a bureau chief in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, assured our Ambassador, M. Dumaine, only a few days before the Ultimatum was delivered: 'The note contains nothing that cannot be accepted, and will prove the benevolent attitude of the Monarchy.'

Then there was the classical trick of going away on summer excursions. William II departed tranquilly for the Norwegian Fiords as if nothing were in contemplation. But he was kept constantly advised by wireless, and merely waited the proper announcement to hasten home. Francis Joseph was at Ischl, where he invariably spent this season of the year.

So the Russian Ambassador at Vienna did not hesitate to take a leave of absence. On the morning of the sixteenth of July the President of France and the Prime Minister sailed for Kronstadt and St. Petersburg. Their official visit to the Tsar had been planned several months in advance. No reason was apparent for cancelling it.

On July 14, Tschirschky telegraphed to Berlin: —

> During the discussion to-day it was unanimously decided that it was advisable to wait until Poincaré had left Russia before taking up matters with Belgrade. For it is important, so far as is possible, to prevent the relations of those two Powers from being influenced, and perhaps determined, at St. Petersburg during the exhilaration of champagne dinners and demonstrations of fraternity by Poincaré, Isvolskii, and the Grand Dukes. It would be better to have the toasts over before the Ultimatum is sent. We shall be able to go ahead on July 25.

William II wrote on the margin of the paragraph reporting this delay: *Too bad!*

Berchtold and Tisza were eager to convince Berlin that this delay signified no faint-heartedness or hesitation on their part. It was due solely to Poincaré's trip, the precise itinerary of which was telegraphed by Count Szecsen, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, on the twelfth of July, upon express instructions from the Vienna Foreign Office. We know that at the very last moment the delivery of the Ultimatum was postponed an hour in order that the news might not reach St. Petersburg before Poincaré left.

So it is clear that the whole affair was planned perfidiously, in an atmosphere of darkness and mystery, like an ordinary crime. These extreme precautions, moreover, were far from useless. The conspirators obtained substantially the result they sought. Their manœuvre took Europe by surprise. With a few rare exceptions, no one imagined that such a grave step was about to be taken — a step that would shortly deluge the world with blood.

It is true that occasional warnings are to be discovered in the diplomatic compilations published by the Russian, English, French, Italian, and other

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Governments. But when you read the dispatches in sequence, these warnings are lost in the larger whole. Such voices were, we might say, 'crying in the wilderness.' There were few Cassandras in this world of ambassadors and statesmen; and if there had been, probably they would not have received a hearing.

The only persons who had some intimation in advance of what was about to happen were the financiers. There is no secret so well guarded that it is kept entirely from them, especially when tips may mean heavy winnings on the stock exchange. At Vienna, Budapest, and Berlin, prices began to slip downward, beginning with the tenth of July. Great quantities of securities were thrown upon the market. A broker in France, the famous Rosenberg, 'beared' the market with such enthusiasm that he was hissed and hooted on the floor of the Paris Bourse.

Diplomatists might have been put on their guard by men of business. Unhappily diplomacy is not yet sufficiently up-to-date for that. It still follows the precedents of the days of Talleyrand; and it prides itself upon associating only with people of the highest social rank, who even in countries having monarchical and aristocratic institutions are usually utterly ignorant of what is happening, and exert no real influence upon events. But the more we study this dramatic and thrilling period, the stranger it seems that no one of the countless French, English, and Russian agents and informers abroad managed to secure the slightest inkling of what was going on. For a number of people were talking about it.

A French newspaper-man, Eugène Lautier, who was drinking the waters at Marienbad, wrote on July 19 to a high official of the French Foreign Office the following letter, which is to be found in our diplomatic archives: —

An important financial man of Budapest, and a friend of Count Tisza, has given me disquieting news as to the state of mind in Hungary upon the relations of the Monarchy with the Serbs. He asserts that in Hungary everybody is eager for a war against them. More is not said openly, because there are still further measures to be taken. But the critical moment will come within a very few weeks. There is not a man in Hungary, no matter how much a pacifist, who is not eager to fight Serbia, in order to end the present intolerable situation. They are no longer willing or able to maintain a quarter of a million soldiers on their southern frontier, ready for action at a moment's warning.

If the Cabinets at St. Petersburg, Paris, and London had been better informed, they would have been able to take timely measures, and to make vigorous representations at Vienna — and Berlin, perhaps — to prevent a war. As it was, they did nothing until the Ultimatum was delivered.

When the text of this Ultimatum became known in the Entente Capitals, on July 24, a part of the period allowed the Serbs for their reply had already expired. The machine was getting under way. It would be difficult, indeed, to stop it.

At this time the Austrians feared only one thing — that Serbia might consent to all that was asked of her. For a moment a rumor to that effect got abroad. At Budapest, Vienna, and Berlin the Governments were plunged in despair. But Belgrade was compelled to make certain reservations. Baron Giesl, one of the stupidest foreign representatives that Austria-Hungary had, if I may cite the authority of a diplomat who knew him intimately, left Belgrade. His departure broke off diplomatic relations and caused the mobilization of the Austrian army. This was followed automatically by Russian mobilization, the war with Serbia, and the World War.

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THREE CHASMS

AN ANALYSIS OF GERMANY'S INTELLECTUAL LIFE

BY FRIEDRICH MEINECKE

From *Neue Freie Presse, April* 16
(VIENNA NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

WHEN our military collapse came, this thought flashed through the minds of many Germans: We have lost our political power, but they cannot rob us of our scholarship, science, and art. This raises a special problem. Can a nation that has lost its political independence and self-determination maintain its intellectual ascendancy? History records both affirmative and negative answers. However, she teaches us by more than isolated examples. She promises every nation, no matter how crushed and shattered, a chance to work out its own salvation with its own moral resources and energy. Of course even abundant moral resources and energy may not avail against extreme oppression and distress. We must acknowledge sadly that possibility, for it threatens ourselves. But every nation must pursue a path midway between faith and doubt. If we do our best, set our house in order, and preserve the health and vigor of our intellectual life, we shall eventually find the path to freedom and recovery.

Let me point out, first of all, that the impoverishment of the middle class, our principal depositary of culture and learning, is not the only evil condition that afflicts us. We do not need to dwell upon that particular aspect of the subject. It comes directly home to all of us. A modest scale of living is easily endured, and need not prejudice the productivity of the intellect. But modern science and art and literature demand a far more costly apparatus than they did in olden times, when poets and scholars could pursue their labors in an attic. The modern intellect is no longer moulded in a garret, but in the great world about us. It must have constant contact and intercourse with distant colleagues and societies; it must have an opportunity to meet with others and to compare results; it must enjoy the advantages of travel, which brings a section of the historical and the modern world before our physical eyes. The culture of to-day would not be what it is without such physical aids to enrich and diversify it. We know only too well that this mechanization and externalization of culture is apt to blight originality; but the power and refinement of our modern intellectual vision is none the less inseparably associated with the new method. And since a river never returns to its source, it is questionable whether, if we were now to desert the express train for the attic, we should recover thereby the intellectual treasures of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. In any case, the intellectual opportunities of the foreigner, whose money retains its high purchasing-power, will henceforth be vastly greater than those of us Germans, chained to our firesides by our depreciated currency.

Our newly rich will do all our traveling. They will buy our new books 'by the running yard' to adorn the walls of

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their palaces, and now and then one of their descendants may himself become an intellectual. But the tradition and inheritance of an educated career, which is of immeasurable importance, is seriously threatened by the social overturn through which we are now passing. Even before the war, intellectual interests had been crowded into a narrow channel by the overwhelming flood of economic and technical interests. But that stream still ran clear and pure under the protecting shelter of frugal-living officials and teachers. These classes have now sunk from their former modest position to that of hopeless proletarians, without possessing the vigor and aggressiveness of the true proletarian, who often earns to-day several times as much as his scholarly and refined fellow-men.

Our laborers and mechanics, of course, would prefer their gold wages of ten years ago to the nominally higher paper wages of to-day, because they could buy more with the former than with the latter. But while wages have increased twenty to thirty times, the salaries of officials, teachers, and professors are only six to ten times what they were before the war. Moreover, what the teacher and scholar had saved and invested has shrunk to almost nothing in present values. Added to all this, our educated people feel themselves socially declassed.

We do not yet realize what this social overturn, the ultimate causes of which antedate the war, means for our scholarship and our intellectual life. All scientific and cultural attainments depend upon hundreds of people contributing by their labor, in order that a single man may devote himself wholly and undisturbed to a comparatively unremunerative pursuit. They demand, further, that the hundreds who toil for this man's support shall not begrudge him his opportunity, but shall permit him to do his special work in peace. In other words, intellectual attainment demands a certain survival of traditional class-distinctions. Schiller wrote: —

Meister nährt sich und Geselle,
Jeder freut sich seiner Stelle.

[The master feeds himself and men, and each is content with his appointed task.]

This calm, undisturbed, vegetative coöperation of root, trunk, branch, and blossom, constitutes the condition most favorable for intellectual labor and progress. That condition no longer exists in Germany. The sanctuaries of the scholar and the scientist are assailed from every side by the tumultuous billows of a social agitation seeking purely material ends.

The ultimate cause of all this is capitalism, and its corollary, an industrial proletariat. But these are not the immediate reasons why harmony between the intellectual worker and the social organization in which he lives is imperiled and disturbed. The immediate trouble-maker is the newly created intermediate class of the half-educated, which has invaded by hordes the ranks of the bourgeoisie. These newcomers are persons whose property exceeds their culture, who strive strenuously for precedence in every field of endeavor, and who have made themselves masters of our political life. Peace and harmony between the mental worker and the manual worker are quite possible. But mutual understanding and consideration between the intellectuals and these half-educated classes, whose mental operations are merely mechanical, are difficult to the verge of impossibility. This discord, with its ugly and degrading friction, holds a pernicious sway over every sphere of our intellectual and artistic life. Poetry, the most delicate and sensitive expression of the intellect, probably suffers most.

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What poet of to-day would venture to express himself through such innocent, yet profound and divine, songs as those which Goethe and Mörike — sheltered among a peaceful people, quietly pursuing their paths of industrious toil — were free to sing. Every modern poem betrays the fearful restraints and the tormenting and often defiant loneliness of its creator; and only too often it reveals the forced resistance of the individual to the utterly unsympathetic and uncomprehending world about him.

This is the first chasm that yawns across the surface of our intellectual life to-day. I shall mention two others, both of which began to appear as thin fissures before the war, and have been widened appallingly by the war and our defeat.

One of these is, by its very nature, common to mankind in all ages, and under normal conditions it is beneficent and fruitful. It is the gap that ever separates the older and the younger generations. To this mutual repulsion between old and young we owe the constant rejuvenation and revival of the intellect, and the discarding of outworn forms and conventions. Thereby the truly valuable fruits of the past are preserved and transmitted to coming ages. We all remember that Ranke thought it would be an excellent and worth-while enterprise to write a history of the world by generations, attaching to each of these its own peculiar individuality. That would be like crossing a mountain range — here and there gentle declivities and open valleys, and elsewhere precipices and chasms. The generation that is in its sixties to-day, represented a gentle declivity thirty years ago in the domain of science, which was at that period passing through a placid and uneventful era of evolution; but in art and poetry it stood for a sudden break with the past and an abrupt rise to another level. To-day it seems that every department of our intellectual life is advancing through broken and precipitous country. The interruption to our political existence produced by the catastrophe of 1918 is, when viewed from this standpoint, equivalent to the sudden and complete substitution of one generation for its predecessor.

An old proverb says: The world is ruled by men between fifty and sixty years old. This means that in our political experience sudden jumps from one generation to another are rare, that men gradually mature until they are ripe for governing, and that they normally will be entrusted with power for a considerable period. Modern Germany started out upon the policy that led her into the World War under the leadership of men fifty and sixty years old, and under the leadership of those men she fought the war. Every man of that generation must now ask himself, with secret dread, whether he did not lead the nation into a false path, whether he can justify himself before our ancestors and our posterity. The ideals and theories of that generation have fallen into discredit because of our fearful failure, and the changes that have occurred in the personnel of our government since the Revolution are perfectly logical. It was natural that the old generation should be promptly turned out, and that men thirty and forty years of age should take its place. These men, so far as we can generalize on such matters, control the government to-day. That has always been the case in periods of revolution and reformation. After 1807, Scharnhorst called for 'active, vigorous, ambitious men, whose souls soon burn up their bodies.' He meant that younger fire-eaters were needed to reform the Prussian nation, and he secured them. Nor can we object in

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principle to the same thing to-day. But in the field of intellectual endeavor this discarding of the elder generation and of its ideals — which we see going on all about us — is to be viewed with greater reserve, because it serves to widen the third chasm that divides our intellectual world.

This third chasm yawns deeper than ever between the regular, methodical, and let us say professionally controlled, fields of scholarship, science, and art, and the freer undisciplined movements in literature. The dualism between the specialist and the non-specialist in science and art dates from the period of 'enlightenment,' — that is, from about the time of Voltaire, — and like the unending transitions from one generation to another it has, upon the whole, fructified our intellectual life. Gifted dilettantes, like Herder and the younger romanticists, peopled the world with new ideas, which were seized upon by historians who methodically and scientifically developed them into consistent and logical truths. In philosophy, the rivalry between the free philosophers, of whom Schopenhauer, Hartmann, and Nietzsche may be taken as the representatives, and the orthodox philosophy that Schopenhauer so immeasurably despised, was wholesome and useful. The more liberal-minded among our professional scholars and scientists are frank in their appreciation of the service rendered by these irregular coadjutors. But the new impulses and ideas that these intellectual adventures yield us must be weighed and examined and tested and developed in accordance with strict scientific methods. Otherwise we shall fall into habits of mental slackness, inexactitude, and irresponsible subjectivity.

That is precisely the danger we face to-day. A younger and undisciplined generation is overrunning the whole field of art and science, seeking to dethrone our national scholarship and to set up an intuitional culture in its stead. Many of these new men possess a certain intellectual cleverness and elasticity of spirit that reminds us of the mental revolution that occurred at the time of the romanticists. Doubtless this movement, also, proceeds from profound and organic needs of society. However, it is attacking not only what we have outlived and are ready to discard in science and art, but also very vital and necessary forces and values, whose usefulness for mankind has by no means been exhausted.

I picked up by chance an art supplement, printed a few days ago, that discusses Brahms, that glorious revealer of the dignity and profundity of life. This critic charges him with limited sensibility and narrowness of horizon. He says that Brahms was always controlled by his sense of duty, and that this limited his creative power. Feuerbach and Böcklin are to be retired to the storerooms of our museums as mere decorative painters. I might cite indefinitely such evidences of radical modern taste in art and poetry, and I believe they will correct themselves with time. The situation is more serious in the case of the sciences; for they are based upon an exceedingly difficult combination of self-denying, empirical, individual research and mental coördination of details. Here we may easily sacrifice the fruits of a century of systematic training and of steady progress in the refinements of research. One of my colleagues, an economist, recently told me that he could at once pick out, in his numerous classes, the men who had been influenced by the modern movement among youths. He assigns them, for instance, an investigation of the film industry. Without taking the trouble to verify their assumption by investigating the

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facts, they write what they conceive the facts to be, on a basis of their chance experience.

The intellectual world of to-day is striving and struggling toward something new, in defiance of all the social and material obstacles that stand in its way. It is seeking the absolute, because our historical sciences, at least, seem to be floundering in the quicksands of relativity. But this is a big subject. I am deeply convinced that the present age is following a deceptive bypath, and that we can attain the highest and ultimate truths of life and intellectual labor only by a profound, reverent, and resigned — but not hopeless and skeptical — study of mankind in history, and of the universe that surrounds him.

THE ORIGIN OF CONTINENTS AND OCEANS

BY ALFRED WEGENER

[*Professor Wegener is Director of the German Oceanographical Survey. He first put forward his theory of the movements of the great land-masses in* 1915, *and republished it in* 1920 *in a book called* Die Entstehung der Kontinente und Ozeane. *Because of the difficulty of obtaining German scientific publications during the war, it has hitherto attracted little attention in other countries. Professor Wegener's ideas, however, have an obvious significance for geologists, biologists, and palæontologists, as well as for oceanographers. Professor F. E. Weiss, who holds the chair of Botany at Manchester University, writes in the* Manchester Guardian *that Professor Wegener's theory 'constitutes a good working hypothesis, and the striking simplicity with which it allows many phenomena to be explained will greatly stimulate further inquiry.'*]

From *Discovery, May*
(British Scientific Monthly)

Anyone who compares, on a globe, the opposite coasts of South America and Africa, cannot fail to be struck by the similar configuration of the two coast-lines. Not only does the great right-angled shoulder of the Brazilian coast find its exact counterpart in the African coast in the neighborhood of the Cameroons, but the minor curves to the south of these great angles also correspond to one another, every protuberance on the one side fitting into a corresponding depression on the other. This observation has led to a new view of the nature of the earth's crust, according to which the continents in past ages have drifted horizontally over the surface of the earth, and are still in motion at the present time.

According to this theory, known as the displacement theory, North and South America were, in Mesozoic times, continuous with Europe and Africa. They then broke away and moved westward in Tertiary times, the Andes being forced up by pressure on the forward edge of the drifting continent. Again, Antarctica, Australia, and India were formerly in immediate contact with South Africa, India then being the southern end of a long projection from the Asiatic Continent, which is now

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almost entirely crumpled up and forms the Himalayas. The theory asserts that the outermost rocky crust of the earth no longer envelops the whole globe, as it once may have done, but has shrunk up, in consequence of successive compressions into mountain folds. It is now represented by the continental shelves, which are covered only by shallow seas. The bed of the deep seas is regarded as composed of the material of the underlying deeper layers of the earth, upon which the continental masses float.

It will be evident that this theory conflicts with the former fundamental views of several sciences, and especially those of geology. For a proper judgment upon it, an enormous mass of facts must be collected together from such sciences as geophysics, geology, palæontology, palæoclimatology, animal and plant geography, and geodesy. In the decade since the first publication of the theory, much progress has been made towards a wide review of the facts. The theory offers solutions for so many apparently insoluble problems, and so simplifies our views, that the interest of many kindred sciences has been aroused, as is shown by the large and growing literature on the question.

It is impossible in so little space to discuss the evidence which confirms the theory; this evidence will be found in my book, *Die Entstehung der Kontinente und Ozeane*. It must suffice here to give a few of the main lines of proof, drawing examples from each of the sciences concerned.

In drawing up statistics of the distribution of levels over the land surface and sea bottom, geophysicists have found that these heights are grouped about two well-defined values, a land height of about 100 metres and a sea depth of about 4700 metres. This law has been known for fifty years, so far without any explanation. If the heights and depths had arisen through elevation and depression of a single initial level, as geology has hitherto assumed, then we should expect statistics of level to show a grouping about a single mean value. Instead of this, there is a grouping about two values. So we must suppose that there are two initial levels, on which the elevations and depressions have been superimposed; and this is only possible if these initial levels correspond to two different layers of the body of the earth. The continental masses consist of comparatively light material,—such as granite and eneiss,—extending downward, according to Hayford and Helmert, to a depth of 100 kilometres. But the deep-sea bottom is apparently composed of heavier material,—such as basalt,—in which the continents float like great ice-floes in water. The results of measurements of gravity, and of magnetic and seismic investigations, are in agreement with this conception, and the results of dredging do not contradict it.

Geology provides a very searching test of our supposition that the Atlantic is really an enormously widened rift. If this is the case, the mountain folds and other geological structures which existed before the separation must correspond when we bring the continents together again and reconstruct their original relative position, just as the lines of a torn drawing would correspond if the pieces were placed in juxtaposition. This is actually the case: the Permian folds of the Cape mountains fit exactly to the Sierras of Buenos Aires, which, according to the latest work of the Argentine geologists, are of the same age and have a completely similar structure. The distance of these mountains from the Cameroons on the one side, and from Cape San Roque on the other, is the same, so that they fit each other exactly in the reconstruction. The direction of folding

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in the great gneiss plateau of Brazil also corresponds with that in the opposite regions of Africa.

In Europe there are three ancient mountain-chains, which arose in the Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous epochs, and these mountain chains are so placed in North America that they appear in the reconstruction as undoubted continuations of the European system. The terminal moraines of the Great Ice Age also appear now as a continuous system.

The most striking fact is not the existence of the same features across the Atlantic, but their situation at places which correspond exactly. For example, if the Sierras of Buenos Aires, which are now more than 6000 kilometres distant from the Cape mountains, lay only a few hundred kilometres farther to the north or south, the features would not fit, on bringing the continents together. Actually, they do fit, and the correctness of our theory becomes the more probable as such coincidences multiply themselves.

The results of palæontology have led to the assumption of the existence of former land-bridges, between continents now separated by deep sea, over which an unrestricted interchange of fauna and flora took place. That such an interchange has at one time taken place is shown by the identity of fossil forms and the relationship of living forms. Now these land-bridges have been assumed exactly in those places where the theory put forward here indicates a former direct connection, as, for instance, between Brazil and Africa, between North America and Europe, between Madagascar and India, and in general between all the southern continents, such as South America, South Africa, Madagascar, India, Australia, and Antarctica. It has hitherto been assumed that these land-bridges were afterwards submerged, and now constitute the bottom of the deep sea. This conception is physically untenable, for the continents are floating in equilibrium on a heavier underlying layer, and could not sink by so great an amount as five kilometres unless they were loaded down by superincumbent layers to at least an equal height. In addition, when all the necessary connecting land-masses are reconstructed, it is impossible to find room for the displaced masses of water. Further, the continents now lie so far away from each other that, even if a former land-connection existed, it would not account for the identity of their former fauna and flora. These difficulties disappear naturally when the displacement theory is assumed.

From the mass of information to be derived from the geographical distribution of animals and plants, we shall only choose a single striking example: the threefold character of the Australian fauna. The most ancient group of animals, which is now found principally in the Southwest, shows relationships with India, Ceylon, Madagascar, and South Africa. The second group, to which the characteristic marsupials and monotremes belong, contains, in distinction to the former class, only such animals as can resist cold — mammals, fresh-water fishes, but not reptiles or earthworms. This group has penetrated into the eastern Sunda Archipelago, owing to the present proximity of Australia to that region. This class has its nearest relationships in South America, now separated from it by a whole quadrant of the earth. The third group, finally, is the fauna of the eastern Sunda islands, which is found in New Guinea and which has established itself in northeastern Australia.

This relationship, formerly so puzzling, is completely explained by the displacement theory. Australia, up to the beginning of Jurassic times, was

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connected in the west with India and Ceylon, and through them with Madagascar and South Africa. After breaking away from India, it was still connected through Antarctica with South America, perhaps as late as Eocene times; and this connection gave rise to the second group. Comparatively recently Australia drifted into collision with the Sunda islands, with the consequence that an interchange of flora and fauna took place.

In seeking an explanation of former climatic conditions, geologists have hitherto been averse to the assumption of large movements of the earth's poles with reference to the land. However, the idea that it is necessary to assume a considerable movement of the poles in early Tertiary times has recently been gaining more and more ground. It is impossible to overlook the fact that all former attempts to map out the position of the poles throughout the earth's history come to grief on one obstacle, namely, the Permo-Carboniferous ice-age in the southern hemisphere. Traces of inland ice at this period are found in Brazil, the Argentine, the Falkland Islands, Togo Island, the Congo, South Africa, India, Western, Central and Eastern Australia. These traces are to-day so widely separated from each other that they cover nearly a complete hemisphere; and even if the pole be placed in the most favorable position, the traces of ice most distant from it would be in a geographical latitude of only 15° and so be in the tropics.

On the other hand, we do not know of any certain traces of ice in this epoch in the other hemisphere. This fact has so far constituted a hopeless riddle, and it is no exaggeration to say that it has completely crippled the development of palæoclimatology. The displacement theory affords a striking solution of the riddle; at that period all these continents were grouped concentrically around South Africa, and we thus obtain a connected ice-cap of no greater area than that of the quaternary ice-age of America and Europe.

Similar, if less striking, simplifications appear when the position of the pole in other geological periods is determined by aid of the displacement theory; and it is not too much to say that this theory makes it possible, for the first time, to determine the former positions of the pole, from fossil evidences of climate, in a manner that is satisfactory.

Finally, the displacement theory may be tested by astronomical determinations of latitude and longitude. It is natural to suppose that the movements are still taking place; and the available estimations of geological time, in spite of their uncertainty, allow us to make an approximate estimate of the yearly movement to be expected. It would appear that in many places the velocity of displacement must be too small to be measurable astronomically in a reasonable time. However, in three or four places it should be possible to establish the movement by measurements repeated after a ten years' interval.

In the case of the movement of Greenland relatively to Europe, I. P. Koch, the cartographer of the Danish Expedition of 1906–8, has made a comparison between the observations of this expedition and those of the second German North Polar expedition of 1870 and still older observations of Sabine in 1823. He has succeeded in deducing evidence that the distance of Greenland from Europe has noticeably increased in the interval, by an amount exceeding considerably possible errors of observation. There is evidence of a movement of about 15 metres a year, which is in complete agreement with

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that to be expected from the displacement theory.

We will conclude with this the series of examples from our chain of evidence. If the standpoint of the displacement theory be taken up, numerous problems immediately present themselves, of which the most important is perhaps the nature of the forces which give rise to the displacements. Here no final conclusion can be reached, but the problem has been so far examined by the theoretical physicists and geophysicists as to leave no doubt as to the possibility of such a force existing. According to the displacement theory, the continents display, in general, a movement toward the West and toward the equator. Köppen ascribes this latter tendency to the action of the force directed away from the pole, which tends to drive toward the equator all floating bodies whose centres of gravity are higher than their centres of buoyancy. This force has been calculated to be of the magnitude of one three-millionth of the weight of the body, and so to be rather more than the tidal force. It may be shown that this force is sufficiently great to pull the continental masses through the underlying layers with the necessary slowness, even if these layers are as rigid as steel at ordinary temperatures.

On the other hand, it seems questionable whether this force can explain the great Tertiary mountain-folds, which extended from the Himalayas through the Alps to the Atlas Mountains, along the line of the equator in those times. It is not impossible that at that period, and perhaps in the earlier Carboniferous period, still other forces existed in addition to the normal force directed from the pole, owing to rapid displacements of the pole and the consequent readjustment of the figure of the earth to the new polar axis, these forces being perhaps twenty to a hundred times as great. This would give possible explanation of the fact that this equatorial mountain-folding is limited to these periods.

Just as the movement from the poles manifests itself principally in mountain folds along the equator, so also the westward movement of the continents is evidenced by many striking features of the earth's face which have hitherto been completely unexplained. We have already instanced the frontal resistance which the American continental masses experience in moving through the ancient and deeply cooled bottom of the Pacific, a resistance which has led to the throwing-up of the gigantic mountain-chain of the Andes. Since this frontal resistance must have a much greater influence for small masses than for large, these small masses will be left behind in the general westward movement. Thence arises the great sweep of the Antilles, left far to the east by America, and the great bend of the so-called Southern Antilles between Tierra del Fuego and West Antarctica. Thence also comes the partial separation of the eastern edge of Asia in the form of chains of islands, and the separation, long ago completed, of the former Australian coastal chain which now forms New Zealand.

By the same movement Ceylon has been broken away from India; and we see evidence of it also in the bending of the ends of continents toward the east, such as the southern end of Greenland, of Tierra del Fuego, and the northern end of Graham Land. Schweydar has suggested an origin for the force driving the continents westward, which he believes to be due to the procession of the earth's axis; but the whole question of the origin of the forces is so much in a state of flux that it is impossible at present to reach any final conclusions.

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THE POETRY OF CHINA

BY SOONG TSUNG FAUNG

[*Professor Soong occupies the chair of French at the University of Peking. He received his education in China at St. John's University, Shanghai, and in Europe at the University of Geneva. From Switzerland he went to France, where he became so much interested in the drama that he is said to have seen more French plays produced than any other man in China. Before joining the faculty of the University of Peking, he taught in Tsing Hua College. Professor Soong speaks Italian, French, Spanish, German, Russian, and English, so that he views Chinese literature, in which also he is well read, from a peculiarly cosmopolitan standpoint.*]

From *La Revue de Genève, April*
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

The absence of epic poetry is characteristic of all Oriental literatures except that of the Hindus, and this is as true of the Chinese as it is of the Arabs. There is not a single epic among the twenty-four volumes of poems at the Escorial. What a contrast with this is the flowering of epic poetry in Greece, where the bards were wont to sing in the presence of princes the exploits of their ancestors, when sumptuous banquets celebrated a victory!

Of the origin of Chinese poetry very little is known. Was it poetry that preceded music, as is the case in all other countries of the world, or was it music that preceded poetry, as numerous critics have asserted? Wang Tsa overthrew the latter theory when he said that, according to the *Yukee* (The Book of Music), poetry translates thought; song, the voice, and the dance interpret movement; and these three artistic forms come from the depths of our heart, whereas musical instruments were not developed until later.

Poetry was not solidly established in China until the beginning of the Sang dynasty, since Confucius, who collected the existing poems and made an anthology of them, began with the poems of that dynasty. Our great moralist tells us that — for some reason we do not understand — the poetic muse was silent for a period. After this interruption a new kind of poetry developed, the Fou. Then Tchiou Yuan, a native of Tsou, began to write the Li Sao, a style of writing which enjoyed such a vogue that, throughout the whole latter part of the Han dynasty, numerous writers reflected its influence. We may mention here Song Yu and Sih Ma Siang Jou.

At this time poetry split off from music. There were 'ancient poems' that cannot be sung. There were also the Yu Fou, which were written only for music. At this period, also, verses of seven feet and of five feet appeared in definite form. Li Liu is said to have been the first poet who wrote verses of five feet, and the Emperor Han Ou Ti, the first poet to write verses of seven feet. It was after these two new forms of poetry that the other forms developed — verses of three, four, six, and nine feet respectively.

Then came Seng Yah, with his minute study of tones. Chinese lyric poetry was divided into two very distinct kinds, the Lie and the Zie. While the former is less rigorous in form, the latter demands symmetrical phrases and requires a profound knowledge of the technique of poetry, of literary allu-

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sions, and of intonations. But can the perfection of the art of prosody be said to be the perfection of the art of poetry?

At any rate, in spite of these restrictions, the Tang dynasty is the Golden Age of Chinese poetry, which is generally divided into four different epochs: the beginning, the development, — in which appear the names of Li Peh and Tu Fu, whose works have come down to us like a handful of flowers of perpetual fragrance, — the middle period, and the end. This division, though established by our critics, is highly arbitrary.

It is interesting to observe that the Yu Fou poems of the Han dynasty could not be sung in the Tang dynasty. There were the old Yu Fou and the new Yu Fou, of which we possess one immortal work, 'The Chariots of the Soldiers'; but neither could be set to music. On the other hand, the poems, properly so called, could be sung — especially the verses of seven feet. These verses, from a poem of Li Peh, were composed to be set to music: —

There is nothing to be seen save a wall at the foot of a gigantic river.
The Yellow River seems to lose itself in the clouds.

History tells us that when Li Peh had written his verses on paper — it is to be noted that we are not talking here of the Yu Fou — the musicians fought with one another to get possession of them and set them to music. Here we have another proof of the union of the muses of music and poetry.

At the end of the fifth dynasty, the Yu Fou and the lyric poems could no longer be sung. It was the Tse which were in vogue — a form whose origin goes back to the Shoue dynasty. The Emperor Yang Ti was the first who had the idea of transforming the Yu Fou into Tse. A little later Li Peh asks us to listen to his Bou Sa Main and his Tsing Ngou, which form the nucleus of a new type of lyric literature.

Perhaps it is more difficult to-day to compose a Tse than a simple lyric poem, since the laws and restrictions have increased as the ancient Tse has passed down the ages to our own time. To compose a Tse nowadays, we must not merely imitate the ancients with regard to the number of feet in every verse and the verses in every strophe, but we must above all conform to the distinctions in tones. This is the real difficulty; for it is not enough, as in ordinary Chinese poetry, to separate the first 'flat' tone from the three other tones (high, low, and oblique), and one has difficulty with the necessary distinctions between them.

Yet we are led to believe that, in the very beginning, the Tse represented for the poets of the Tang dynasty much the same thing as modern vers libre. The Tse are the most ancient of their kind. In support of these statements let us say, first of all, that in every verse of the Tse, the syllables or words — for we must not forget that in the Chinese language every word is a single syllable — were no more limited than the number of verses in every strophe. We have just said that the Tse is merely a transformation of the Yu Fou; it was necessary, therefore, to have a musical air to which the verses were made to conform. But as the airs of most of the Yu Fou were no longer in existence at that time, the poets had no hesitation in composing verses to suit every mood and to apply them later to a melody that they invented to suit themselves. This was the case with the greater part of the poets of the first half of the Song dynasty. They paid no heed to those musical restrictions which had made the composition of the Tse the work of a simple mechanic in words and tones.

It is also said that Song Tong Pou's compositions were not meant for

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music, and perhaps they were not intended to be sung; but if this were the case, the Tse must have enjoyed a greater liberty than the vers libre of to-day. The distinction between the Tse and other poetry, however, was not so great as some would have us believe. Sou Tong Pou one day asked Tcheng Vou Koe if his Tse were better than those of Ts'ing Sao Yu, a rival poet. Tcheng's reply was: 'Your Tse are like poetry and the poetry of Ts'ing Sao Yu are like Tse.'

The success that the Tse — especially those written by Liou Tsi Tsin — had attained, may be judged by this proverb: 'Wherever there is a well, there are also people who can hum an air of Liou!' But the Tse, in their turn, quickly lost their prestige. Immediately after the barbarian invasion, the Manchus and the Mongols brought with them strange exotic melodies that had hitherto been unknown. The older Chinese melodies no longer suited the musical taste of the conquerors, nor even of the conquered themselves, which explains the transformation of the Tse to the Tchiou, — which is something like the opera of Europe,— although they always retained their lyric character, even as they drew away from the musical character that they had hitherto displayed. During the whole Yuan dynasty, the Tchiou were the only occupation of Chinese writers, both poets and dramatists, and they were so successful that even Voltaire studied them.

A new revolution was in preparation, however. The Tchiou had been composed for the Northern Chinese, who were the dominant people, but the Chinese who inhabited the other bank of the Yangtze soon discovered that the fourth, or 'oblique,' tone was lacking in the Tchiou of the North. They promptly introduced this tone into their own Tchiou, which they called the Tchiou of the South, in order to distinguish it from that of the North. Nor did the differentiation stop there. The number of acts in each Tchiou, according to the Northern Chinese, was reduced to four, and in each of these acts there could be but one air, which could only be sung as a solo. These restrictions recall to me, vaguely, the theory of the three unities expounded by Aristotle and Boileau, which for several centuries dominated the French theatre. The Tchiou of the South, such as the Bi Ba Kee and Pai Tiou Din, did not observe these laws.

Thus it is that the Chinese drama has sprung from poetry, a very curious evolution of which no other people would have been in the least capable.

Let us now turn back to the evolution of the Chinese lyric. During the whole of the Song dynasty, the poets merely continued the tradition of Seng Yah and Chan Kouan Ni. The latter had still further narrowed the poetic form according to a rule generally known as the Law of the Six Symmetries. Chinese poetry was gradually reduced into slavery and lost its free flight.

Under the Ming dynasty the classical school was always dominant. Its representatives were the Seven Earlier Poets, of whom Li Pan Long was the recognized chief. In their eyes technique was every thing, and it was imitation, not inspiration, that counted. The brothers Yuan, however, desired to play the rôle of rebels and declared formal warfare on the conservatives. According to them, each dynasty has its own peculiar school of poetry. Why, then, imitate other dynasties? They sought, so far as possible, to employ popular expressions in their poetry, a task which within two years has been taken up by the Chinese school of vers libre poets, of whom Mr. Hu Suh is undeniably the chief.

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LEOPARD-HUNTING IN THE DEKKAN

BY R. G. BURTON

From the *National Review, April*
(CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

MY friend, the mullah, was delighted to hear that I was coming to encamp at his village, for we had had excellent sport in the neighborhood on the occasion of a ten days' visit some years before. This time I proposed to make a longer stay, in order to kill off some of the leopards which infested the neighboring jungles. When he heard of my approach from an emissary dispatched to make necessary preparations, he assembled the Brinjaras, of whom there were several *tandas* (clans) in the neighborhood, and treated them to a few bottles of their favorite liquor at the tavern.

Needless to say, the mullah himself touched no drop of the forbidden wine. For him no 'ruby kindled in the vine,' for he was an orthodox Mussulman, who would not even partake of meat unless he was satisfied that it had been made lawful flesh by having its throat cut while there were still signs of life. It must be said that, provided an antelope was shot before his eyes, the signs of life need not be very evident; the flickering of an eyelid or the twitching of a muscle, even though others could not discern it, was in such circumstances sufficient to satisfy the mullah, and he would whip out the ready knife and make it lawful meat in a moment.

In the tavern were assembled the Brinjaras of Jotinga and of another hamlet a few miles off. They were rivals in sport, each group claiming that there were more leopards in its jungle. The Jotinga people said that there were half a dozen living almost at their doors. The headman of the other village told of one of immense size that drank nightly from water in a trough near a well in the middle of the village, as well as of others in the adjacent hills. Had not one killed an old woman, who went out to cut grass for her cow, only a month ago? There was one near Jotinga that had a special predilection for monkeys.

The mullah scoffed at this tale. 'How,' he said, 'is the leopard going to swing from branch to branch to catch the black-faced langurs?' But the Naik of Jotinga had his answer ready. 'Come and watch when the moon is full and you will see, O reverend one,' he replied. 'The leopard has only to walk under the trees, where the shadows of the roosting bandar-log are reflected on the ground. He pounces on the shadow, and the foolish owner falls to the ground and is seized at once by the prowler of the night.' Thus it is that the leopard, wiser than the human being, grasps the shadow and seizes the substance!

My camp was pitched in the old place under the spreading mango trees, near the well where the patient, laborious oxen toiled all day to draw the water that ran down the channels to irrigate the fields.

I first hunted up the leopard that had killed the old woman. She had suddenly come upon it in the grass, but it was no man-eater, for though it killed her in a moment with the pressure of fatal fangs in the throat, it did not devour the body. Attacks by wild animals are often more due to fear than

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to aggression. Also, they sometimes make mistakes. Thus, in a field near here a man was lying asleep, enwrapped in a black blanket, when he was suddenly seized by a leopard, which at once quitted him without doing much harm. No doubt it took the herdsman for one of his goats, which were grazing near at hand, and which had imparted some of their strong scent to the blanket.

But carnivorous felines do not generally hunt by scent, but rather by sight, and perhaps by some sensing with the whiskers. Thus one day the mullah was crossing a field where the high millet-crops reached above his head, when a leopard jumped up with its paws on his shoulders and put its face in his face, but did not hurt him. Wounded ones are different. One such came rapidly at me, *ventre à terre;* it rushed, but did not spring; it seized my arm and tore away the fleshy part of the forearm, and then bit deep into my thigh with penetrating fangs and fixed sharp claws into the calf of the leg.

To return to the murderer of the old woman. It was turned out in the first beat, and went off across the face of the hills, cunningly taking advantage of depressions in the ground. Then it took shelter in a shallow wooded ravine, out of which I hounded it, with the help of forty beaters, and shot it through the heart. It was an old female, and presented some peculiar markings, many of the rosettes having a central spot like those characteristic of the jaguar. After shooting this beast, I went over to Jotinga and found the remains of an antelope, which had been killed and partly devoured during the night. I took post over a nest of porcupine holes, which leopards were evidently in the habit of frequenting, and at the first shout of the beaters one galloped straight for these burrows and rolled over with a bullet through the body.

In olden days I used to tie up goats and wait for a kill, before trying to beat the leopard out. But after tying up goats in a number of different places, and having seen that none of them was killed, I adopted a different method. This was to select a likely line of country, and to start out in the morning with thirty or forty beaters. We would beat every promising bit of jungle, working our way from cover to cover across the hills and looking out for tracks. In this way the game can generally be found in the course of the day, and there is always a chance of a shot at an antelope or gazelle, while, having horse and spear, I occasionally had a run after a boar.

Thus I went to hunt up the big leopard, said to infest the Brinjara village which was the rival of Jotinga. A track in the street showed that the beast had been near the well in the night, so we proceeded to the hills a mile off, and beat for some distance without success. At length there was a loud shout from many voices on the opposite side of a ravine above which I had posted myself, and I saw an immense leopard, so large that for a moment it appeared to be a tiger, emerge from the shadows and walk toward me. One shot knocked it over and another finished it off, as it lay clawing the air, for it is not wise to take any chances with these beasts. They are dangerous to follow up when wounded and difficult to stop when they charge.

We found a very fierce leopard, with a big cub, a day or two after this. They had killed a cow and dragged the carcass into dense jungle in a deep ravine. These animals charged the beaters, giving utterance to fierce roars as soon as they entered the cover, and put them to flight. The beaters went bravely in again, headed by a man with a shotgun,

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for the jungle was too dense for any hope of getting a shot by walking them up. This time the beasts were driven out with shouts and shots, and one came rapidly past me, about fifty yards off, and was badly missed, while the other broke out of the beat. I put them out from the other side of the hill next day, but they made off, tails in air, without affording a shot. The following day I killed an old female which was supposed to be one of the two, but this was doubtful, as her companion was not in evidence.

I was taking a rest a day or two later, when a Brinjara arrived in the afternoon with news that his people had marked down a leopard in a nullah two miles off. I rode out to the spot, and found some Brinjaras watching on a hilltop. They said they could see the animal lying under a small tree, about eighty yards off, but I could not make it out, even with my binoculars. So I sent a few men to drive the beast out. After a good deal of shouting, it got up and trotted down the nullah and was shot without difficulty.

I learned something new on this occasion. While we were trying to see the leopard from the hilltop, the Brinjaras would persist in talking aloud. When I remonstrated, saying they would frighten it away, the Naik told me that the animal was alert and would make off if they remained silent, but would lie *perdu* so long as they continued talking, thinking thus to escape observation; while if there was no sound it would suppose they had gone away and would then sneak out.

A few days later I visited the Deoderi, where another leopard was said to have taken up his abode. When going down the hill, through sparse bush-jungle, to take up a suitable position after giving instructions to the beaters, I unwisely allowed an attendant to carry my rifle, which was a heavy burden on a hot April day. In fact, before arranging the beat, I should have lined up the men below and walked with them in that formation up to my post. But it seemed unlikely that a leopard would lie up in the sparse bush on the side of the hill, when there were cool and inviting covers and water higher up the nullah.

But the unexpected always happens. Halfway down the hill, when I was near a somewhat dense clump of bush, the two or three men in front of me started to run, and one called out something which I did not catch, but I understood that the leopard was in view. I stopped close to the bush and peered into it, but could see nothing, although there was a strong smell of wild beast. I then moved on to where the men had stopped, to get my rifle, and was loading it when the leopard rose from the bushes, where he had been lying down within three feet of me, and made off over the hill, followed by a futile shot. No blood was to be found, but as the animal might possibly be wounded, I withdrew the beaters and, leaving a few men on the hill above to keep watch, went on in another direction to beat up a leopard that had killed a goat the day before.

We beat along the hillside, and a fair-sized leopard came trotting along straight toward me. Suddenly it crouched behind a boulder, and then, as the beat came on, broke into a gallop across high ground on my right; I fired two shots, the second an obvious miss. There was the mark of a bullet and some white fur, but no blood, on a stone where I had fired my first shot, which showed that the bullet had passed just underneath the beast. We beat it out again farther on, but it was in no temper to be driven; it broke back with a roar, charged through the line of beaters, and scratched one man slightly down the thigh. With great presence of mind he saved himself by 'feeding'

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it with a cloth he carried over his shoulder.

After this adventure we returned to the Deoderi, where the men left on guard told me they had heard two leopards fighting all day, with roars, growls, and other noises. I took post at the spot where I had shot the leopard a few days before, and the beaters lined up across the head of the valley and came on with clamorous uproar. Soon a very large leopard came trotting down the watercourse, offering a very difficult shot, owing to the density of the cover, and I missed it. Five minutes later another and even larger male came along, which I shot through the body. It turned and galloped up the hillside, with blood streaming from its flank, when it collapsed to a second shot and died in a few minutes.

My chief follower considered that I had had a very narrow escape from the leopard which I had nearly trodden on in the morning. But I do not think these animals will often attack unless wounded or otherwise molested, although such close proximity was certainly unpleasant. He insisted on bringing and waving over my head a live fowl, after our return to camp, presumably to warn off the evil spirit of the dead leopard. Farther on there were two men ploughing, who denied all knowledge of such a thing as a leopard, but fifty yards off I found the fresh tracks of one that had crossed the field in the morning.

I came to one village where the people, with superstitious dread, would not even mention the name of leopard, fearing the vengeance of these animals if they were betrayed. With great difficulty I obtained information that a pony and other cattle had been killed by some unknown animal, whose nature was betrayed by the tracks of a small leopard which I found near a den, close to the village, containing the remains of prey. It had evidently sneaked away as I came up, so I followed the tracks across a cultivated plateau. While crossing this, we put up a sounder of pig, and I took a spear and had a long run; but my horse was too slow and I could not come up with them. Near sunset we came to the far side of the plateau, which was sparsely clad with bushes. Here the beaters soon drove out a leopard, a small, light animal, which I knocked over as it trotted past, about eighty yards off.

About two hundred yards from my next camp, I found tracks of a leopard and two cubs, and one of my men, later in the day, hearing birds making a great noise over some evergreen *lokandi* bushes, looked and saw a cub. The old one and the other cub were evidently in the bushes, but I was out in another direction and returned too late to beat them up. We started next morning and, in driving a long ravine, turned out a leopard, which, however, broke back through the line. I then beat in the other direction, and the beast came along below me; I saw its head thrust forward from a bush, with every whisker extended stiff and moving to and fro as though sensing the surroundings. I missed the shot at about forty yards and made another miss as the animal dashed up the side of the hill; after this we sought for it in vain.

In the evening, some Brinjaras came to my camp with news that they had seen a leopard lying out on the hillside about a mile off. I hurried to the spot, followed by my men and a number of the villagers. On arriving at the place, I found men watching the leopard, which was on the crest of the hill; but as I approached, the beast got up and made off down the slope, with a whisk of the tail, of which I caught a glimpse. We followed in full cry, like a pack of hounds, the leopard fleeing in front, like a scalded cat, for about a thousand

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yards, when the beast took cover in a wide jungle-clad nullah. It was getting late, and a beat was hastily arranged. The beaters came on toward me as far as some dense cover, when the leopard charged with a roar and seized a boy by the back of his neck and head, and in a moment dropped him and sprang back into the bushes, followed by a futile shot from a sepoy, who was at hand with a gun. All this took place within twenty yards of me, presenting an interesting but sufficiently appalling spectacle; for I could not fire, owing to the beaters being all round, and it seemed as if the boy must be killed.

I hurried to the spot, picked up the boy, attended to his wounds, and sent him to camp on my pony. He had two fang-holes in the back of his neck and two in the skull above, as well as a scratch under the ear and a severe wound on the upper arm. It was growing dusk, and I did not know whether the leopard was wounded or not, and there seemed no use in entering the cover. A flock of crows were assembled in noisy conclave in a tree, which indicated that the animal was close at hand, but I went to the spot and could see nothing. It was by this time nearly dark, and nothing more could be done. The leopard was probably the one we had harried in the morning, although this was not realized at the time, as it was in a different direction. But otherwise its behavior could not be accounted for.

On arrival in camp, I dressed the boy's wounds. The teeth had not penetrated the skull, although the two corresponding wounds on the neck below were deep, and the head was fixed to one side and could not be moved. It appeared that the leopard's teeth had slipped on the skull, or it would have been cracked like an eggshell. Next morning I went to hunt up the leopard, but could find no sign of it. It had vanished like an evil spirit into the night, leaving no trace, which was not surprising after the harrying it had been subjected to. I dressed the boy's wounds twice daily, at his house in the village, having a lively recollection of similar dressing of my own wounds in like circumstances. They were healthy, but the neck was still on one side, so that he looked over his shoulder, and his temperature was up to 103°. But he improved rapidly each day, and I got his head gradually round into the proper position.

In the Dekkan I have everywhere found the Brinjaras the best of shikaris, and have always been glad to have a number of them employed in beating for dangerous game, when they are plucky and trustworthy. They are themselves much addicted to the chase, assisted by their fierce and peculiar breed of dogs, with which they hunt down their game and especially pigs, the flesh of which they greatly prize. Few carry firearms, but they are wonderfully expert at knocking over small game with sticks and stones; and I have seen them kill running hares, and even birds on the wing, in this manner, while their sharp eyes will detect crouching game and enable them to kill quail and partridges before the birds rise.

In my wanderings in search of large and small game I have often had considerable assistance from Brinjaras. The haunts of tigers are frequently known to them, owing to the depredations committed by these animals on their flocks, and they are always glad to assist in the hunt. In this respect they are not as secretive about the presence of wild beasts as are the generality of villagers of the Dekkan. The Brinjaras are also remarkably truthful, a somewhat rare virtue in the East.

Next day a man brought news that a valuable cow had been killed, and partly eaten, in a nullah near the village

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where I had first located the animal. The cow had been missed in the evening, and I found pugs of a large leopard which had crossed a field from the direction of the hills where we had been beating the day before. There could be no doubt of the identity of the animal, which had eaten out the stomach and the insides of the cow's legs. There were no tracks of exit, and the game was evidently in the cover, but nothing came out when we beat through it. The beaters were afraid of the beast, and probably avoided the dense spots—and no blame to them, for the leopard was seen skulking in the bushes when the beat was over.

Then a man came and said that he could see it lying in a dense thicket, but I could not make it out. The thicket was twenty yards through. I collected all the men at one end and took post at the other. At a given signal they raised a tremendous uproar, beating drums and shaking stones in empty cans, and after a time the leopard rushed out, and I shot it through the body and killed it with another shot as it ran along the nullah. It did not attempt to show fight.

This was a very heavy old male. It had with difficulty made its way out of the thicket, and its face and body were scratched and bleeding from forcing its way through the bushes. One of the cow's teats, which it had eaten, exuded through a wound in the back. In its agony the dying animal had bitten through one of its paws, and the jaws had to be forced open to release it. This leopard had a peculiar malformation of the tongue, which was split in two for about four inches of its length from the tip.

There appears still to be much confusion with regard to leopards, many sportsmen holding that there are at least two species, although naturalists are now agreed that there is only one. It used to be said that there were the panther and the leopard, while a third, called the 'pantheret,' has been recently invented. The terms 'leopard' and 'panther' are interchangeable, the former being generally given to this species in the north of India, and the animal being commonly called the panther in the south. These must not be confused with the hunting leopard, an entirely different animal, now seldom found in India in a wild state. I did hear of one of the latter during this tour, but could not find it, although I saw the tracks and ranged a considerable extent of country in search of it.

The two so-called 'species' of leopard are popularly distinguished by differences in size, in shape of skull, and in color and texture of fur. The larger species is said to be characterized by a brighter color, with a smooth coat, and an elongated skull having a pronounced occipital ridge. The smaller animal is said to be of a paler, less fulvous color, with a rough coat, and a round skull from which the occipital ridge is absent. Another difference has been ascribed to the animals in some quarters, the larger species being said to have twenty-two, and the smaller twenty-eight vertebræ.

Leopards vary in size, but the variations are not as great as is commonly supposed. The males, as in the case of the tiger, are much larger than the females. The differences referred to above can generally be ascribed to the age of the animals. The young have rough coats, less pigmentation, and round skulls destitute of occipital ridge. The older animals develop the elongated form of skull and the growth of occipital ridge; they naturally have more pigmentation, the strength going into color when no longer required for growth during immaturity, and, as in other animals, the coat becomes smoother with age.

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It seems probable that misconceptions have arisen owing to immature specimens being taken for a species different from the mature examples of the animal. I have found the vertebræ vary from twenty-three to twenty-six in number. Some differences in habit have also been noted, the smaller animals being more addicted to arboreal habits. But this is a phenomenon partly due to environment, and only to be expected in the young, light, and active, such as may be observed also in the human species.

In the part of the country in which I hunted these animals, the black variety is not found, these being more prevalent in the denser forests of Kanara, Assam, Burma, and Java. The black leopard is a *lusus naturæ*, melanoid and fulvous cubs having been found in one litter. Their rosette markings can be seen in the sunlight, although they appear jet-black in the shade.

A CATECHISM IN FOREIGN POLITICS

BY KARL RADEK

[We print the following extracts from the report of Karl Radek, who is in charge of Russia's Foreign Information Service, to the Communist Party of Russia, upon the European situation at the time of the Genoa Conference. It presumably throws some light upon Russia's policy at Genoa.]

From *Die Rote Fahne, April* 13
(Berlin Official Bolshevist Daily)

What was the ultimate cause of the great World War?

The ultimate cause was the rivalry between Germany, the strongest industrial and maritime Power of the Continent, and England, the strongest maritime and industrial Power of the world. English capitalism could not stand idle while Germany, supported by a vast and technically efficient industrial system, by a compact and highly civilized population, and by a geographical situation that favored economic expansion, became strong enough to defy it.

During hostilities, the German bourgeoisie, without having concrete war aims before that event, gradually conceived a very simple programme. Their country must make two territorial acquisitions on the west: the Belgian coast, in order to hold the sword at England's throat, and a comparatively small indentation on the French frontier. This acquisition, though unimportant in area, would be all-important in other respects; for it would annex to Germany the district of Brie. Germany's iron and steel industry had reached such gigantic dimensions that, while she had abundant coal, she no longer had sufficient ore. She controlled the Lorraine mines, to be sure, but she needed Brie to ensure her undisputed industrial supremacy in Europe.

What was the outcome of the war?

Its outcome was the destruction of the German navy by England, the surrender of the German merchant-fleet, and the confiscation of Germany's prin-

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cipal foreign investments. Consequently, Germany is disarmed. She has lost her fleet, her army, her colonies, and a vast share of her capital. This makes England the real winner of the war.

In what position does Great Britain find herself with respect to her fellow victor, France?

France has secured the iron ores of Lorraine, and has thus laid the foundation for an extensive iron and steel industry. If France can secure possession by force of arms of the Ruhr district and Rhenish Westphalia, or if she can make some bargain with Germany that will give her control of the Ruhr coal to smelt Brie and Lorraine ores, she will become the leading economic power of the Continent. The object of German imperialism — the economic objective of German imperialism in the war — will thus be reached, but by France, instead of Germany.

What is the military situation that results from this?

Germany's military situation with respect to England was an extremely unfavorable one, for a very simple reason. Germany had only the so-called 'wet triangle' in which to conduct naval operations against England. France has Calais, the Normandy harbors, and her colonies in West Africa. In other words, France lies on the flank of the great highways of ocean commerce through which grain and raw materials reach England.

And what is the second important outcome of the war?

The war made the submarine the decisive naval weapon. If France has enough submarines, she will be able, in case of war, to prevent a single grain ship or a single ship with raw materials from reaching the shores of England. She will be able to cut off England from her colonies; for opposite Gibraltar lies French Morocco, opposite Malta lie Toulon and Bizerta, and opposite the Suez Canal lies Syria, now a French possession. From these bases, French submarines can operate against British vessels. Along the whole route that binds England with her colonies, — whether via the Atlantic Ocean, the Mediterranean, or the Indian Ocean, — her vessels will be within the submarine area that France controls. And France's probable action with regard to employing submarines can be easily inferred from her successful opposition at Washington to Great Britain's demand that their construction be limited.

So victory has brought about a situation in Europe that may well make English imperialists cry: 'Oh, woe to us, the conquerors!' England finds herself involved in a struggle with France, her next-door neighbor, — and a more dangerous neighbor in the military sense than Germany ever was, — for the hegemony of Europe. This is the key to the relations of these two countries during the last three years.

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CHAMPOLLION, DECIPHERER OF THE HIEROGLYPHICS

BY ÉMILE HENRIOT

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, March 25*
(FRENCH LIBERAL FOREIGN-AFFAIRS WEEKLY)

ONE hundred years ago at a famous session of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, Jean-François Champollion announced a new discovery by which he snatched their secret from the centuries and opened to science and history the knowledge of ancient Egypt. He was the first man to succeed in unraveling the hitherto impenetrable mystery of the hieroglyphics. Some months later the Duke of Orleans solemnly assumed possession, in the name of France, of this amazing acquisition; but the Academy, always a little slow in making up its mind, thought it well to keep Champollion waiting a little while for the chair that it owed him. He took this with the spirit of 'a sophisticated drinker who tastes a bottle of champagne that has been going flat for six months.' Presumably the Institute will make up for this injustice, and on the seventeenth of next September will solemnly commemorate the centenary of this astonishing discovery, as it ought to do.

All this gives us the desire to look a little more closely upon the countenance and character of the illustrious Champollion. What a surprise! For this scientist is also a man of personal charm. Where one might have expected to encounter one of those tiresome doctors of 'ologies and 'isms, specialists in the dustiest knowledge, one finds a young man, ardent, winning, devoured with the desire to know, and endowed with the most admirable qualities: intellectual curiosity, a poetic mind, irony, gayety, generosity, modesty.

Thus Jean-François Champollion appears in a little volume published some twenty years ago by M. de la Brière (*Champollion inconnu*), where one finds abundant and interesting extracts from the great man's correspondence with his family, to which we must attach a good deal of importance because it gives us information of a genius's childhood and intellectual growth.

Champollion, born in Figeac in 1790, had an older brother, who was established at Grenoble and already known for his scientific works. It was this brother who, in order to relieve his parents, took charge of his junior, of whose remarkable gifts there were indications even from infancy. He had the boy come to Grenoble to finish his studies at the lycée, and from there the young Jean-François sent almost daily to his brother the extraordinary correspondence that has been preserved in the family archives at the Château de Vif, where Condillac and Mably once lived.

In these letters we follow day by day the astonishing spectacle of an intelligence expanding until it desires to absorb everything. The boy is not satisfied with his scholastic programme; his curiosity exceeds it. He wants nothing to remain foreign to him: Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean, Arabic, Syrian, are languages that soon become familiar to him. At thirteen, before the prefect of the Department of Isère, who was overwhelmed at so much knowledge, he explained a chapter of Genesis in the Hebrew text; and since there was no

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prize for these languages in the Lycée at Grenoble, the teachers had to give him a prize for arithmetic in order to reward such zeal. The best part of the joke is that this born polyglot had never studied mathematics.

Does anyone ask what reading this boy of fourteen was doing and what books he asked for from his brother? Titus Livius, Dioscorides, the *Life of the Legislator of the Christians*, Montaglon, Paul Lucas, Sthos, Anacreon, La Harpe, Caylus, Condillac. Facts were what interested him, and he concerned himself with their historical value and their authenticity. But 'because you must n't be always reading serious things like Condillac,' and 'because you must n't always keep the bow bent, for then it will be broken,' he wanted 'to give his mind a little relaxation'; and in order to find some amusement he plunged into the *Magasin Encyclopédique* and the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*.

He was also a botanist and had a herbarium. He was an entomologist, with a collection of prepared insects. As an artist he designed and painted, copied urns and sarcophagi, and even dabbled a little in sculpture. But all this was mere frivolity, amusement, play. 'Greek, Hebrew and its dialects, and Arabic — those are what set me afire, and what I want to learn.'

Already beneath this multitudinous curiosity one sees in the spirit of the youth a preoccupation with science, and the foreshadowing of the way in which later he was to achieve distinction. He wanted to read the *Bibliothèque orientale*. 'It is a book that I can hardly consult too often in order to move with a sure pace amid the labyrinth of Oriental dynasties. That is the only place where one can grow familiar with Oriental languages and furnish his memory with knowledge that is altogether necessary for anyone who is to make a special study of things Oriental.'

Egypt especially attracted him. 'I want to make a profound and continuous study of this ancient nation. The enthusiasm into which the description of their enormous monuments has thrown me, the admiration with which their power and their knowledge have filled me, grow steadily as I acquire new ideas. Of all the peoples whom I love best, I assure you that none occupies the place of the Egyptians in my heart.'

Unfortunately, the key to the fabulous history of Egypt, which loses itself in the millennial night of time, seemed to be lost forever. No one had yet succeeded in deciphering the inscriptions that ornamented the temples, the tombs, and the obelisks. All those who thought they had deciphered the alphabet of the hieroglyphs had brought up in miserable error. The Englishman, Young, the Swede, Akerblad, the German, Guntherwahl, the Dane, Zoega, had all made the attempt and had accomplished nothing. The French scientists who had gone with Bonaparte on the Egyptian Expedition had brought back precious copies of the inscriptions without being able to read them. The old land of the Pharaohs had remained intact, and its Sphinx, set up in the midst of the desert, was no idle symbol. What new Œdipus was there to unravel the enigma?

There was Champollion. To reach the heart of ancient Egypt he attacked it on every side. He studied the history of the neighboring people. He learned their language, and those languages which might have come down as daughters from the ancient Egyptian, such as Ethiopian and Coptic; and he compared them with Arabic and Hebrew. In order to make himself familiar with Coptic, the dialect of the modern Egyptian, he translated everything he had read and everything he had learned

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into it, until one day he was surprised to find that he was talking Coptic to himself.

He had left Grenoble for Paris, where he plunged into such a frenzy for knowledge that he never felt his misery or his sad and solitary life. He had no resources save the little money that his brother sent him, one hundred francs a month, with which he had to provide himself with everything — lodging, food, society, and books. He was 'poor as a poet,' but like a poet, faith dwelled in him and upheld him. He devoted his time between the *Collège de France*, studying Oriental languages, and libraries. 'The study of Zend and of Pcheleri,' he said, 'win me some happy moments. I have the satisfaction of being able to read things that nobody else knows about, not even the name.' He felt himself irresistibly drawn 'into difficult paths bristling with obstacles that perpetually renew themselves.' 'Such is my destiny; I must undergo it whatever the cost.'

Finally came success. At nineteen he was named Professor of History on the *Faculté des Lettres de Grenoble*, and also custodian of the City Library. Little by little, by dint of perseverance, intelligence, knowledge, and determination, he began to unwrap the old mummy that had slumbered in its grave for two thousand years.

One can hardly think, to be sure, of giving an explanation here of the complicated mysteries of old Egyptian writing, or even stating with any degree of exactness the almost insurmountable problem that Champollion had to solve. But however much a layman one may be in matters of linguistics and Egyptology, it is impossible not to admire the amazing success of the first man to read the hieroglyphics. Confronted with the celebrated Rosetta Stone, over whose inscription all the scholars of the world had worked for more than twenty years, Champollion made up his mind that this inscription, in three alphabets, — Greek, demotic, and hieroglyphic, — must under these three aspects reproduce a single text, and that one who could discover the latter would find here the interpreter that would enable him to understand all the rest. The Greek inscription proved to be a decree of the Egyptian priests in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes. This decree included numerous proper names and that of Ptolemy several times.

Now the hieroglyphics also showed several groups of signs in little frames, and these, too, were repeated several times. Could this be the name of Ptolemy? If it were, every hieroglyphic sign in the name was also an alphabetic symbol. This is what Champollion assumed, and with the different symbols that made up the name of Ptolemy he got a start on the alphabet. Unfortunately, in order to achieve definite proof, he would have to check by other names the identity of the first signs that he obtained, and the Rosetta Stone was broken in such a way that to do this was impossible. But another double inscription in Greek and in hieroglyphics had been discovered at Pilæ, where Ptolemy and Cleopatra were named in groups of letters in little frames just like those that appeared on the Rosetta Stone. The study of these enabled Champollion to show the agreement of certain letters in these two names. This gave half of the hieroglyphic alphabet. Other names in little frames proved the rest. This is the great discovery of Jean-François Champollion. It revealed to humanity thirty centuries of history.

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RUSSIAN PEASANT LETTERS

BY EUGEN MAYER

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, April* 15
(Liberal Daily)

Private letters among people of the same social class have become very much alike all over Europe. But the letters of Russian peasants still have a character of their own. Several reasons account for this. Many a villager is so illiterate that he must employ a professional letter-writer. The latter, from force of habit, falls into stereotyped forms of expression. Furthermore, the people who come to him with messages for distant relatives and friends usually have the same things to say. A hundred million Russian peasants live a life of monotony and uniformity almost inconceivable to the people of Western Europe. They plough, hoe, reap; for half the year the country is buried in snow; people die and children are born. Nothing ever happens, outside of this circle of events, worth writing about. The peasant knows very little of what goes on in the world outside his village. He may know the name of the capital of his province, and he may visit the nearest country-town once in a lifetime.

This isolation explains the odd questions the common people ask a traveler in their country. A driver may inquire in what Russian province Paris lies, what language is spoken in Germany, whether the German Tsar grows a new skin every year, and such questions as these. A West European, however, will find much to interest him even in the monotonous repetitions of Russian peasant letters. Let me illustrate this by a few examples.

The principal contents of these letters do not consist of news items — as with us — but of salutations. They begin something like this: —

'Letter from home to my highly honored husband, Foma Vassilievich, from his wife, Yevdokia Michailovna. In the first line of my letter I bow low before my beloved husband, and the children, Wanya, Mitya, Olga, Tanya, Mischa, Katya, do the same.'

Of course the list of children may be somewhat longer. I should add, in explanation, that the Russian word we usually translate as 'greeting' literally means 'bowing'; for a deep bow or curtsey is still the usual form of greeting among the peasants. After this salutation come endless repetitions of the same idea.

'Likewise Grandfather Vassili Fomitisch, and Grandmother Helena Ivanovna greet you and wish you every happiness,' followed by the names of the brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, and other members of the family. This exhaustive attention to details, which comes to light even in Russian classical literature, is characteristic in these letters.

The principal theme is varied in a thousand ways. If parents write to their son, they never forget to add: 'We send thee our paternal blessing, and may it dwell with thee eternally, to the end of thy life.' And the son in turn replies to his 'God-given parents' or 'brothers of the same blood.' Sometimes the writer sends 'Greetings from the depth of my soul and loving respects.' A very figurative formula is

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this one: 'I bow from my white face to the bare mother-earth,' and the very Russian expression: 'We send you greetings and touch the earth with our foreheads.' The last formula is a reminder of the old Russian custom when petitioning the Tsar. This was the only way in which the common people dared approach their master in the days before serfdom was abolished.

After this principal theme has been developed with the necessary detail, a short account of the health of the family follows, usually in this form: 'We are, thank God, all alive and well.' Now and then brief mention will be made of some other fact: that the condition of the crops is good, or that the two horses are well, or that a cow had a calf last year. The absent peasant naturally is interested in the condition of his stock, and the rarity of his communications justifies his writing home to his wife as early as October regarding the care of the stock the following spring. Less importance is usually attached to births and deaths of human beings; news of the latter is often paraphrased: —

'Your brother-in-law, Nikita, has often wished you a long life; do not think ill of him,' or, 'Remember his bread and salt,' in other words, his hospitality.

An inquiry regarding the health of the person to whom the letter is addressed will be couched in some such form as: 'Write whether God is gracious to thee,' and will conclude by wishing 'speedy success in the work of thy hands.' A wife who is suspicious of the fidelity of her husband, inquires timidly: 'Write whether thy ring is broken,' and she may tell him that she recently dreamed of him and was happy the whole following day. Sometimes she cherishes a doubt as to whether the letter will be received by her own husband; for so many Russians have the same name that errors in delivery are common. In such cases she requests him to prove his identity by mentioning in his reply all the members of the family, with their given and family names, and also to include the name of the fatted calf.

These letters end with a short formula, such as, 'Until we meet again'; only rarely is a more tender expression used. This reserve is typical of the naïve and unspoiled nature of the Russian peasant, and particularly of the Russian peasant-woman. The most affectionate term is: 'I kiss thee hard, hard,' and very rare, indeed, are the more loving expressions: 'I kiss thee on thy sugar mouth,' or 'I kiss thee on thy purple lips and thy sad eyes.'

Quite naturally these letters abound in errors of grammar and orthography. Misspelt words often give a clue to the local pronunciation; especially common is the substitution of softer for harder sounds, as an English child might call his father 'faver.'

Many letters are accompanied by short stanzas from poems and folk songs current among the common people. One of those most frequently used may be translated freely as follows: —

Fly, little leaf, from east to west,
O'er rushing streams and thirsty sands,
Fly through the drifting clouds and murmuring woods,
Fly on thy way and let no stranger get thee.

These simple villagers make many pathetic and unworldly blunders. For instance, a peasant girl once addressed a letter merely: 'To Semyon Ossipovich Kachalov in Germany from his sister Xenia.' A worried mother wrote on an envelope addressed to her son: 'Little Mother Germany, I beg you let my letter go through.'

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A PAGE OF VERSE

IN TENEMENT STREET

BY EVELYN SIMMS

[*Bookman*]

WHERE hides the spring in Tenement Street:
Spring, with her joy and her exquisite pity?
No green stretches for weary feet,
Or woodland blossoms, frail and sweet,
Are ever seen in Tenement Street —
Tenement Street in the heart of the city.

Overhead is a gleam of sky
Between gray roofs for the eye's beholding:
But over the bustle of passers-by,
And the rattle of carts, and the hawker's cry,
Who learns to listen for earth's soft sigh,
Or the fairy whisper of buds unfolding?

Yet Hope may smile in the grayest gloom,
And miracles be! Lo! here I found it;
Welcome as light in a shadowed room,
Sweet as the shower of its own perfume,
A little lilac tree — in bloom —
Laughed at the dull, dead walls around it.

Here hides the Spring in Tenement Street;
Here is proof of her tender pity! —
Where the lilac scatters her fragrance sweet,
Nodding her delicate plumes to greet
Responsive hearts in Tenement Street —
Tenement Street in the heart of the city.

THE MISSEL THRUSH. I

BY M. M. JOHNSON

[*Observer*]

IN my dripping tree I sing
Sweetly, truly of the spring,
Trimming with my pipings gay,
As with flowers, this twilight day.

Sweet-and-true, sweet-and-true!
Thus I sing the skies to blue:
Green the boughs and gild the mire
With my dulcet notes of fire.

Lean upon my lilting song,
Winter shall not grieve you long:
True-and-sweet! true-and-sweet!
There 's a violet at your feet!

THE MISSEL THRUSH. II

BY M. M. JOHNSON

[*New Witness*]

WINTER, that dims the skies,
Clouds not my mellow mouth:
Let him for Spring who sighs
Here list to winds blown south,
And under this bare tree
Green shelter find with me,
While I repeat, repeat, repeat
Notes sweet, sweet, sweet —
Sweet of a wind blown south.

Winter, that binds the earth,
Seals not my laughing lay:
Let him who lacketh mirth
Here list to pipings gay,
And under this bare tree
Green shelter find with me,
While I repeat, repeat, repeat
Notes sweet, sweet, sweet —
Sweet of the woods in May.

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A JAPANESE GALLERY OF WESTERN ART

A GALLERY of Western Art is now rising in Tokyo. The building is being built from the designs of an English artist, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, of the Royal Academy; and the collection that the new gallery will house is to be wholly Western. The pictures and the gallery are being given to the people of Japan by Mr. K. Matsukata, a wealthy shipbuilder of Kobe. The London *Times*, commenting on the unusual choice of an artist as the designer of a building, says: —

Perhaps the greatest point of interest about the building is the fact that here we have an art gallery designed by an artist. Given the proper architectural training, there seems to be every reason why such a task should fall to an artist rather than to an architect. Mr. Brangwyn has had the training to fit him for the work, and so brings to the problem the ideal combination of architectural knowledge and artistic feeling. As an artist, he knows the basic needs of a gallery. As an architect, he can coördinate the artist's need with architectural seemliness.

A broad terrace will surround the gallery, from which the visitor has views of Tokyo, the harbor, and the sacred summit of Fuji in the distance. The building is rectangular and the walls are of plain Japanese brick, the severity of the surface being broken by patterns in the brickwork and by black and white mosaics.

At the side entrance of the museum a large pool is being constructed, in whose still water Fuji will be reflected as if in a mirror. Adjoining the library will be a sunken Japanese garden with a wall fountain, and nearby will be a guest house which will contain a library of the fine arts. The artist-architect has been given free hand and will be allowed to carry out his ideas unhampered.

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'THE MISSEL THRUSH'

IT is not very difficult to surmise that Mr. M. M. Johnson, an English poet whose writings from time to time appear in the current magazines, is a lover of nature; nor does it require any great perspicacity to determine which bird songs he most enjoys. Two poems from his pen, both entitled 'The Missel Thrush,' have appeared in different periodicals within a few weeks; one is from the *New Witness*, the other from the *Observer*. Though neither can be called poetry of the first rank, it is at least interesting to see a writer treating the same theme upon two occasions, and to note the similarities as well as the differences of the two poems.

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TO BE OR NOT TO BE A CRITIC

THE *Saturday Review* not long ago offered a prize for the best criticism of *Hamlet* in the manner of any living dramatic critic. The play was to be discussed as if it were the first performance in London of the work of an unknown dramatist.

The winning criticism, which is signed 'A. A. M.,' bears suspicious resemblance to the deft manner of a well-known writer and dramatist whose initials are the same and whose name almost anyone can supply. The opening paragraph of the review is perhaps the most amusing: —

Mr. William Shakespeare, whose well-meaning little costume-play, *Hamlet*, was given in London for the first time last week, bears a name that is new to us, although we understand, or at least are so assured by the management, that he has a considerable

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local reputation in Warwickshire as a sonneteer. Why a writer of graceful little sonnets should have the ambition, still less conceive himself to have the ability, to create a tragic play capable of holding the attention of a London audience for three hours, we are unable to imagine. Merely to kill off seven (or was it eight?) of the leading characters in a play is not to write a tragedy. It is not thus that the great master-dramatists have purged our souls with pity and with terror. Mr. Shakespeare, like so many other young writers, mistakes violence for power, and, in his unfortunate lighter moments, buffoonery for humor. The real tragedy of last night was that a writer should so misunderstand and misuse the talent given to him.

'A. A. M.' is, on the whole, disposed to be generous. 'Mr. Shakespeare, one cannot deny, has talent.' Indeed, he has also 'a certain pleasing gift of words'; but the critic curtly reminds Mr. Shakespeare that 'a succession of neat lines does not make a play,' and he complains bitterly that 'Mr. Shakespeare's characters are no better than clothes-props.' His final conclusion is unfavorable: 'No doubt there is money in it and a man must live. But frankly we prefer Mr. Shakespeare as a writer of sonnets.'

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A STOCK-MARKET TIP

'Life, Letters, and the Arts' is not usually devoted to dabbling in high finance, but here is a passage from the London *Outlook* that is quite too good to let slip. After all, if the *Outlook* can break a precedent, why not others? This is the passage: —

I have never before given tips on the market in this column. But, observing that the *Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Grands Express Européens* has been floating a large loan in London, I enthusiastically recommend the purchase of this security. If the *Compagnie, &c.*, is able to do to the general public, without effective protest, what it has just done to me, its profits should indeed be enormous.

The unhappy English journalist has been traveling back and forth from Genoa.

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BISMARCK'S APPETITE

THE Berlin correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* sends an article to his paper, which puts the Iron Chancellor in a very human light: —

Like a voice from the Middle Ages has spoken Bismarck's cook. Someone recently discovered that a quiet old gentleman settled in Danzig was once chief server of tables to the Prussian tribal deity. In his company we are taken back to that eupeptic statesman who confessed, a few weeks before his death, 'I willingly leave everything to my heirs — my estates, my money — but I grudge them my wine cellars.'

This was the Bismarck who, at any rate to one foreigner, is chiefly remembered by his boast that he consumed twenty thousand bottles of champagne between the ages of twenty and eighty. His innumerable statues, which weary so many visitors to North Germany, always conjure up before me an endless row of wagons, full of bottles, and labeled like rolls of paper, 'Part of a consignment of 20,000 bottles for the German Chancellor.'

From his cook we learn that Bismarck's favorite dish when well over seventy was crabs with mayonnaise sauce, or if he could escape from the eye of the much harassed Dr. Schweninger, a dish of lobsters. When his appetite was a little jaded, telegrams would be sent to Borchardts, in Berlin, and the Hamburg express slowed up as it passed through Friedrichsruh to enable some special delicacy to be handed to the stationmaster.

The whole nation seems to have taken special pride in the appetite of this wonderful old man. On his eightieth birthday he was the recipient of so many touching gifts from his countrymen, that it was months before they could be all opened. Plovers' eggs, a special weakness, came from everywhere, an eighty-pound cheese was sent

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from Allgau, and, happiest thought of all, from a sausage factory at Gotha came eighty metres of best Wurst.

What would happen if Dr. Wirth modeled himself on his illustrious predecessor, or if President Ebert adopted his method of avoiding the tedium of a State banquet by taking two helpings of each course?

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THE FIVE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF LINCOLN'S INN

LINCOLN'S INN, one of the historic Inns of Court, where generations of English law-students have labored, will celebrate its five-hundredth anniversary next fall, probably in October, when many distinguished lawyers from different countries will probably be attending a conference in London and will be able to join with the English lawyers trained at Lincoln's Inn. The most distinguished members of the legal profession in London are included among those who at one time or another have studied in the famous Inn.

The oldest building is the Old Hall, which was built in 1489. To-day very little of the original structure remains except some masonry in one of the walls, which is carefully covered with a plate-glass screen. It was in this building that, in 1662, Charles II saw a masque performed, a few years before he and some of his courtiers were admitted into the society.

Just within the gatehouse is Old Buildings, a block which survives from a general rebuilding that began in 1524 and continued for nearly a century. Cromwell's secretary, John Thurloe, lived here, and the famous 'Thurloe State Papers' are said to have been discovered in a false ceiling in the chambers he occupied. Another famous building is the Chapel, designed and built by the great English architect and stage designer, Inigo Jones.

In the heart of the cluster of buildings, walled from the hum and bustle of busy modern London, the beautiful gardens of Lincoln's Inn still retain some of the repose of an earlier time. Like the other three Inns of Court, Lincoln's Inn is a self-contained citadel, to which the public may enter during the day, but which at night is locked in monastic seclusion behind its gates. It is in this quaint environment and among these venerable surroundings that the proposed commemoration will be held.

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KIPLING AND THE 'SEVEN SEAS'

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Manchester Guardian* offers a solution of a puzzle that has perplexed many a worshiper at the shrine of Rudyard Kipling, and on which no one seems ever to have troubled to interrogate the author himself.

How many readers of Rudyard Kipling know the derivation of the 'Seven Seas'? More than once I have been asked where the phrase came from and what it meant; and I have joined in fruitless discussions as to which seas are referred to, the difficulty being that if you take only first-class oceans, in the modern atlas you find they are less than seven, and if you include second-raters you cannot decide which to omit. Of course you can write and ask the author, but it seems hardly fair to trouble him, and, besides, it is not the most sporting way to play the amusing and instructive game. Here is my solution. In Sir M. Monier-Williams's translation of the Indian drama, *Sakoontalá*, by Kálidása, the Shakespeare of India, one of the characters makes in Act vii a prophetic speech about the young son of the king, who, he says, 'shall subdue the earth's seven sea-girt isles.' The translator adds a note as follows: —

'According to the mythical geography of the Hindus, the earth consisted of seven islands, or rather insular continents, surrounded by seven seas. That inhabited by men was called Jambudwipa. . . . About

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Jambu flowed the sea of salt water which extends to the second Dwipa, called Plaksha, which is in its turn surrounded by a sea of sugar-cane juice. And so with the five other Dwipas, — Sálmali, Kusá, Krauncha, Sáka, and Pushkara, — which are severally surrounded by the seas of wine, clarified butter, curds, milk, and fresh water.'

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A LORD MAYOR ON CRIPPLEGATE

THE Shakespearean associations of Cripplegate are described by the Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Baddeley, in a recently published book on *Cripplegate Ward*. Cripplegate has many famous literary associations. Sir Thomas More and Daniel Defoe were both born here. Milton lived in Artillery Row and lies buried in St. Giles's Church. Oliver Cromwell was married in St. Giles's. Edward Alleyn, one of the most famous actors of Shakespeare's time, made his home in Cripplegate.

The Lord Mayor makes the assertion that Shakespeare himself for a short time lived in Silver Street. Whether this be true or not, it is at any rate certain that Hemings and Condell, his fellow actors and friends, were parishioners of St. Mary Aldermanbury, where one spent thirty and the other forty-eight years of his life. These actors were the editors of the First Folio, a copy of which has just brought forty-five thousand dollars at the Burdett-Coutts sale; and it is altogether probable that the two men brought the manuscripts to their homes to arrange them for publication, so that Cripplegate may claim to be the home of the most famous book ever published.

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DORSETSHIRE ENGLISH

THOUGH written English was long ago standardized into a language that is very nearly the same throughout the globe, the racy local dialects of the tight little island still persist. In Queen Elizabeth's day a scholar, poet, and fighter like Sir Walter Raleigh might talk the broadest Devonshire to the day of his death. To-day an educated Englishman both speaks and writes the English of the universities, but he may also be quite capable of speaking the dialect of his native shire.

Here is a message sent to King George V by the Society of Dorsetmen at their last annual dinner; it is written in the broadest dialect of Dorsetshire:—

To His Majesty King Jarge. — Sire, loyal t' th' core vor centuries, an' link'd t' th' throne by kin' thots an' happy mem'ries, Darset men voregather'd at th' rooms, Kingsway, vor their yearly veast, zind their dootival greetin's t' yer muost grashus Majesty, an' assure eet hat noo matter which way th' whirdlygit d' blow, our affecshuns ull illus be centred in yer throne an' person, an' our loyalty ibide az unchangin' as th' heavens. Hwopen you'll pass droo th' starms o' theasum worold wi'out harm o' any zart, an' ratch in saffty th' harbour o' eternal jay, I d' bide now an' vor all times thy vaithvul servant, SHAFTESBURY.

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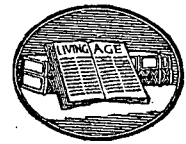

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